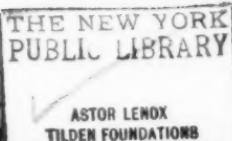


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OCTOBER, 1960

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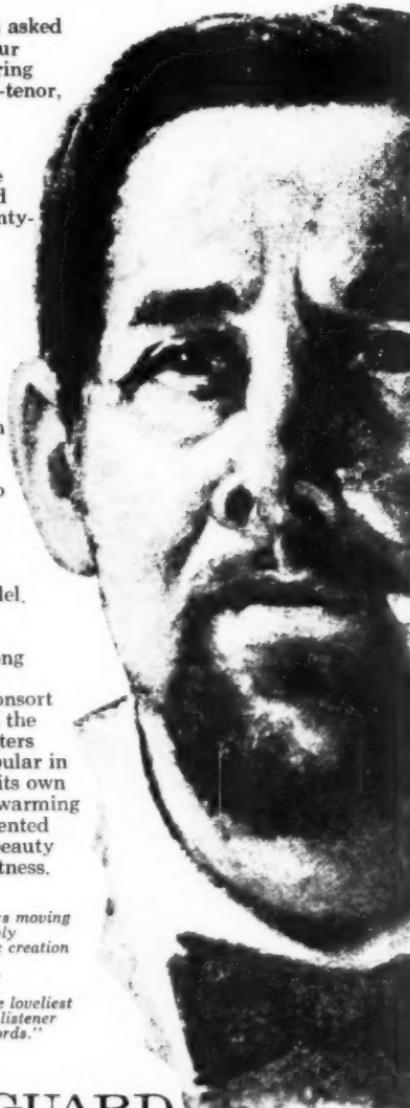
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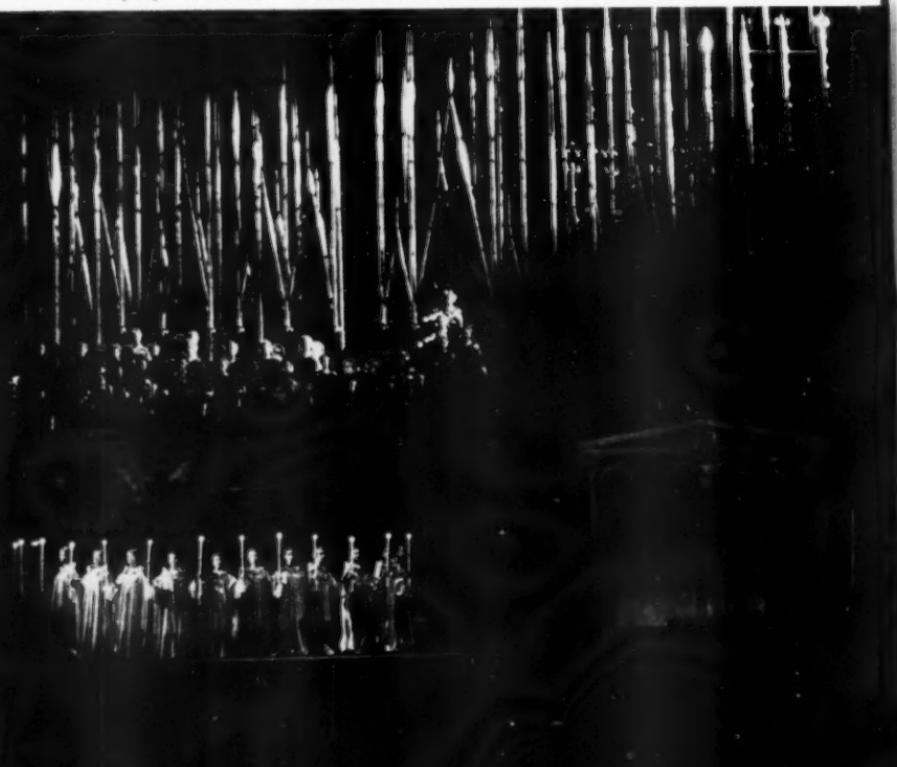
ON THE COVER: Glenn Gould, whose latest Columbia recording is reviewed on page 116

A Report on

The 'new' Salzburg

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

"The Mystery of the Nativity"—this photograph shows only a quarter of the stage! (Pressebuero Salzburger Festspiele)





The ballroom-size Ecu'oir Scene in "Der Rosenkavalier" (Präsesduo Salzburger Festspiele)

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA

SALZBURG finally has another Festspielhaus, but the erection of the gigantic new theater seems to have created almost as many problems as it has solved. The sheer size of the stage—it resembles Radio City Music Hall with CinemaScope proportions—provides a dubious stylistic atmosphere for the intimate Mozart works that supposedly give Salzburg its *raison d'être*.

The situation is not helped by the rather gaudy and shiny externals of the building. But the acoustics are exceptional, the sightlines excellent, and the stage is as well-equipped as any in the world today. With size, style, and practicality all matters of consideration, perhaps there had to be compromises.

The ultimate question of Mozart opera in the new theater was avoided this year. The only opera presented there was "*Rosenkavalier*"; the rest of the repertory continued to suffer from the bad acoustics and

sightlines of the old Festspielhaus. Mozart was represented in the new Festspielhaus only with a concert. Salzburg chief Herbert von Karajan led a masterful if slick performance of the Requiem that seemed quite appropriate to the surroundings.

The "*Rosenkavalier*" benefited more from Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic in the pit than from practically anything seen or heard on the stage. I say "practically" because of Sena Jurinac's superb Octavian. Otherwise there were disappointments: notably Schwarzkopf's overly precious Marschallin, Otto Edelmann's exaggerated, vocally bottomless Ochs, and décor that of necessity made the Princess' boudoir seem like a ballroom. Rudolf Hartmann's tasteful production tried hard to surmount the obstacles of the giant stage.

Frank Martin's scenic oratorio, *The Mystery of the Nativity*, which had its stage première, was better able to capitalize on the new theater's dimensions. Utilizing the physical scheme of a medieval mystery play, director Margarethe Wallmann and designer Helmut Juergens split up the stage to represent the levels of Heaven,

This completes Mr. Bernheimer's survey of the 1960 summer season in Europe. His first article appeared last month.

Christa Ludwig as the Dorabella and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Fiordiligi in "Così" (Pressebüro Salzburger Festspiele)



Earth, and Hell. Stationary choristers spilled onto the apron on either side of the stage. The visual effect was striking.

Less impressive, however, are the musical and histrionic qualities of the work itself. The 70-year-old Swiss composer has written a score that is easy to take, occasionally interesting in its coloristic effects, and, to be blunt, frequently boring. The biggest problem in *The Mystery*, however, is one of aesthetics, for stage depiction of madonnas, winged angels, and wire-haloed saints cannot avoid questionable taste no matter how stylish the producers try to be.

The performance values were impeccable. Heinz Wallberg, replacing Ansermet, led the Berlin Philharmonic with finesse, and the pure tones of American soprano Teresa Stich-Randall made the most of the clichéd lyricism assigned to Mary.

Another American soprano, Leontyne Price, proved to be the hit of the festival in *"Don Giovanni"*. This was the first Donna Anna within memory equally comfortable in the drama of the vengeance aria and the bel canto of *Non Mi Dir*. Her acting was impassioned yet simple, her musicianship exceptional. Thus, with Schwarzkopf as Elvira and pert Graziella Sciutti as Zerlina, the feminine trio approached perfection. The men—Eberhard Waechter, Walter Berry, and Cesare Valletti—were somewhat less satisfying, and there were eccentricities both in Karajan's conducting

and in the stage designs of Theo Otto.

The women also dominated *"Così fan Tutte"*, in which Schwarzkopf's unique Fiordiligi and Sciutti's Despina were joined by Christa Ludwig's less stylized but equally appropriate Dorabella. The elegance of Carl Doench's Alfonso lay more in his bearing and acting than in his singing; the opposite might be said for the Guglielmo and Ferrando of Hermann Prey and Waldemar Kmentt.

Guenther Rennert, whose *"Così"* tended toward fussiness, provided a dreamlike fairy-tale production of *"The Magic Flute"*; Ita Maximovna's décor complemented the staging. Musically this was a *"Magic Flute"* plagued by bad luck. Hilde Gueden, the scheduled Pamina, was indisposed and had to be replaced by a very uneven substitute from Hamburg, Liselotte Foelser. Even worse, the Queen of the Night also turned out to be an emergency replacement; she sounded just like the promising but inexperienced student that she was. The only cast members to rise above a respectable routine were Walter Berry, a deflectable, very Viennese Papageno, and his equally charming partner, Sciutti.

The fabled Salzburg Mozart standard came closer to reality in the classic Rennert-Boehm *"Marriage of Figaro"*. Although Lisa Della Casa's Countess was not in top form, and Christa Ludwig makes too much of a clown of Cherubino, there was much to admire: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's aristocratically lecherous Count, Irmgard Seefried's disarming Susanna, Erich Kunz's nicely balanced Figaro, and Murray Dickie, at last a Basilio who sings as well as he acts.

The week in Salzburg ended with Dimitri Mitropoulos' rousing performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony. This came close to utilizing the thousand forces indicated by the composer; there were two giant choruses plus the Vienna Choir Boys, a large-scale orchestra with special reinforcements, and seven leather-lunged soloists. The performance was notable for its sweep as well as precision. There were moments of touching serenity and the powerful—no, overpowering—effect of the massive score is undeniable.

FROM THE EDITOR:

I BELIEVE that the article beginning on the next page performs an important service to record collectors. Technical pieces bore me as a rule, but this one is about common sense vis-à-vis sound quality, and all of us could use more of that. The many illustrations were to have been reduced even more in size but I decided that they wouldn't mean much if they couldn't be seen clearly. As it is, a magnifying glass will show you more than the naked eye. . . These microphotographs are the reason why Leonard Altman's promised report on the Stratford conference was postponed. Space simply ran out. . . Fall "futures": Columbia has Copland's "*The Second Hurricane*" (Bernstein conducting), Glenn Gould's First String Quartet, and yet another *Das Lied von der Erde* from Bruno Walter (New York Philharmonic, Mildred Miller, Ernst Häfliger). RCA Victor has an all-Haydn recital by the late Wanda Landowska, an "*Ariadne auf Naxos*" (Leonie Rysanek, Roberta Peters, Sena Jurinac, and Jan Peerce under Erich Leinsdorf), and a Verdi Requiem under Fritz Reiner with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, and Jussi Bjoerling—the great tenor's last recording. As it happens, Capitol also has a Verdi Requiem en route with Shakeh Vartenessian, Fiorenza Cossotto, Boris Christoff, and Eugenio Fernandi under Tullio Serafin. Pianophiles will be pleased to hear that a Chopin recital by Benno Moiséivitch is due on the same label. Again in the duplication department Angel, like Columbia, announces *Das Lied von der Erde*; Paul Kletzki conducts the Philharmonia and the soloists are Murray Dickie and (instead of a contralto) Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Angel also promises, in November, that Klempner all-Wagner set so rapturously received by the English. . . Which reminds me to mention that henceforth we shall have more frequent reports from the other side. George Louis Mayer has gone to Europe for at least a year, making his headquarters in Amsterdam. And this month we are carrying our initial "Letter

From London", by Michael Marcus, who writes regularly for those excellent English journals, *Records and Recordings* and *Music and Musicians*. . . Fred Reynolds ("Sweet and Swinging") will be missing from this issue only; he has just moved his household and at deadline time everything was still topsy-turvy. . . I note that Elektra will re-release RCA Victor's recording of "*The Golden Apple*". This is not the first time a small independent has restored worth-while material to circulation; Lyricord has been doing it for some time. This sort of thing should be more widespread. But what can be done about those recordings of yesteryear *not* released for one reason or another and now deemed ineligible for release because the performing artist has transferred to another label? Quite beyond hope, apparently, are those unreleased recordings made under a conductor now deceased and/or succeeded, because most companies are reluctant either to offend the incumbent or to see one of "their" orchestras turning up on a competitive label. I do wish some feasible way could be found to liberate these treasures. . . Franz Bibo is conducting the Symphony No. 12 of Henry Cowell in Hamburg late this month. This score deserves to be in the recorded repertoire, even if we have to settle for a German radio taping. . . Speaking of Cowell, I see that the irrepressible "Lennie" is doing his *Ongaku* this season on the same program with a symphony by the Japanese composer Komei Abe. I think this is the first time any of our "big" orchestras will have presented a major contemporary work from the Orient, and the news is especially welcome right now as we await the American debut of the NHK Symphony Orchestra of Tokyo. I do hope they play some representative music by their native masters. We have waited a long time to hear what it sounds like. . . Our own modest efforts in behalf of such cultural exchange will continue shortly with another special section on "The Music of Asia", with particular attention to Indonesia. —J.L.

Gunk in the Grooves

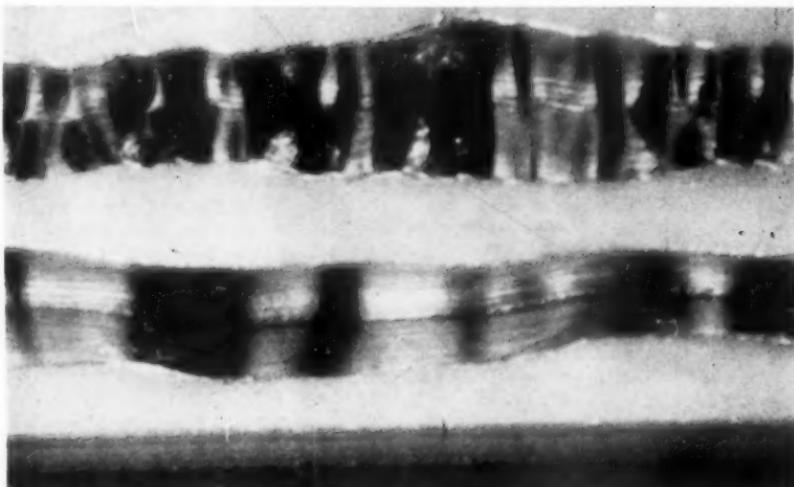


Figure 1. Microphotograph of an unplayed stereo groove with perfect V formation. Note roughness at modulation peaks. This grainy or sandy appearance is probably due either to imperfections in the record material which become apparent at extreme acceleration of the cutting stylus or to the improper formation of the vinyl to the stamper. That is, the vinyl did not properly fill up the corresponding cavities of the stamper. This condition may show during playback as "buzziness" in the treble or other types of distortion, and probably could have been avoided had the pressing time been slightly longer. Note cleanliness of the bottom of the groove.

ASURVEY of record-cleaning gadgets, compounds, and procedures has been needed for a long time. As far as I know, no one has ever printed a documented report on the validity of these various methods. Over the past six to seven years, much of my spare time has been devoted to studying the care of records. I have washed, sprayed, wiped,

brushed, bugged, loused, microscoped, spectrographed and anti-staticized over 10,000 LPs. I have found, unfortunately, and much to my distress as a record collector, that the easier methods of cleaning are too often damaging to both the record and cartridge.

Let us examine what causes a record to get dirty. Nearly all good LPs are made

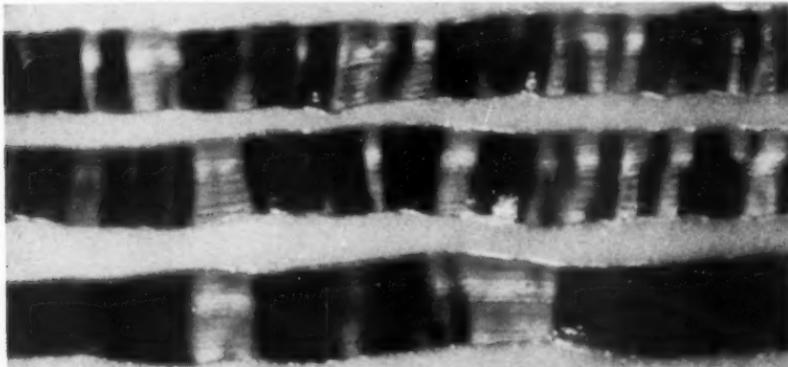


Figure 2. Another example of a new clean stereo groove. The highlights are modulation peaks—places where the maximum 45-degree displacement of the stylus occurs. The graininess in the groove is again due to improper formation to stamper image. The grainy appearance at the edge of the groove is formed by groove material which has been pushed onto the surface, causing a microscopic ridge, and is caused by insufficient pressing time or a dull cutting stylus. Note cleanliness and smoothness of groove walls.

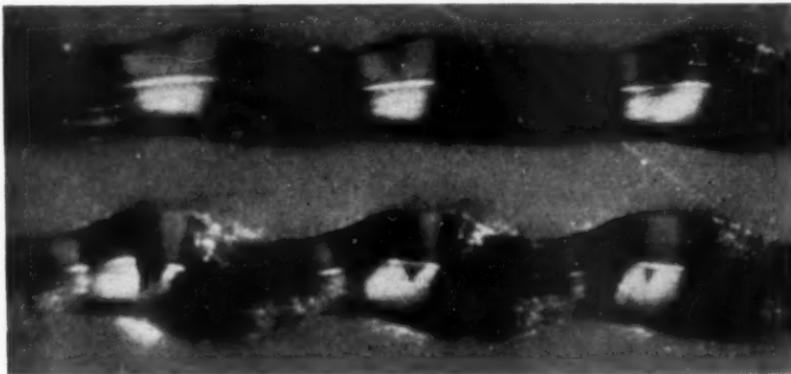


Figure 3. Unplayed stereo grooves. The parallel bright lines in the center are evidence that a .001-inch monaural stylus was used at some time in the production process, probably for monitoring or experimental purposes. Evidence of stylus jumping and skating are visible in stylus tracings. The bright V bottom of groove is hard to interpret and is probably a track made by stylus and subsequently packed either with groove shavings or dirt. The bottom groove again shows severe graininess associated with bad conformity to the stamper.

of vinyl or some compound incorporating vinyl. All record companies use some sort of "filling" material, but no one says what percentage of what substance is used. Nevertheless, vinyl is used. Vinyl is a plastic with quite a bit of elasticity; it can be bent and will spring back to its original position. At the same time it has a very

high coefficient of friction. In fact, it is used on marble floors in the lobbies of public buildings to prevent slipping on rainy days.

Anytime there is friction between two bodies, a static electric charge tends to be developed. When a record is played a large amount of friction is developed be-

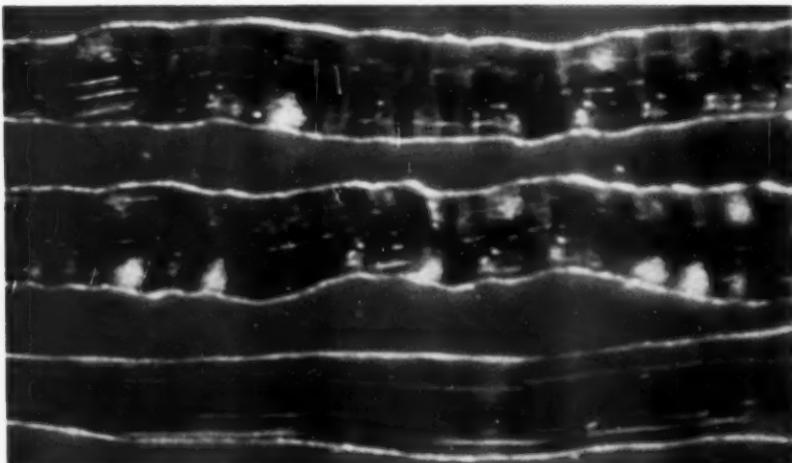


Figure 4. Microphotograph of a remarkably poor, unplayed recording. Bright lines in groove walls show that the master was monitored. Notice the evidence of a skipping stylus in intermittent stylus marks. Highlights are points of excessive acceleration and subsequent bad filling. Note extremely well-packed dirt at bottom of groove even though record was not played. This may have been caused by stylus used during monitoring process and reproduced in the stamper. The edge of the groove shows malformation due to a dull cutting-stylus edge. Excessive lateral modulation is also visible.

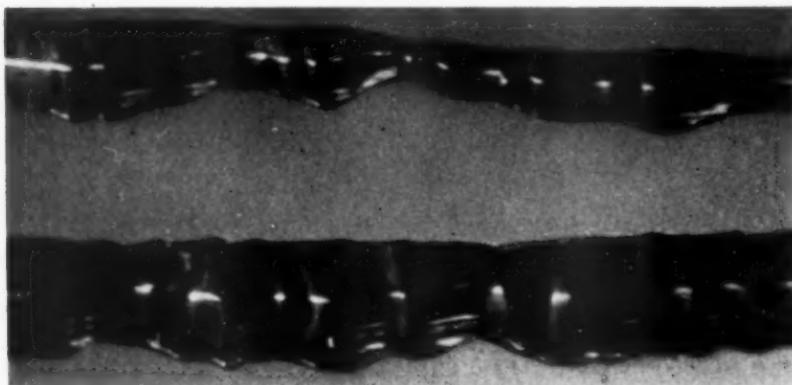


Figure 5. Microphotograph of an overmodulated groove. The narrow part of top groove is less than .0008 inches across; stereo stylus tips are normally .0007 inches in diameter. The recording will sound distorted because the stylus cannot track the groove. If the stylus is sufficiently compliant, it will be pushed out of the groove; if not, it will plow right through the modulation and an accompanying hiss will be reproduced. The transient recorded will be unrecognizable. To the naked eye such an overmodulated recording lacks the natural black luster of the record material and appears to be grayish-black. Evidences of stylus skipping are seen in the highlighted areas of the groove walls. Note bright bottom of groove, signifying either dirt or stylus track.

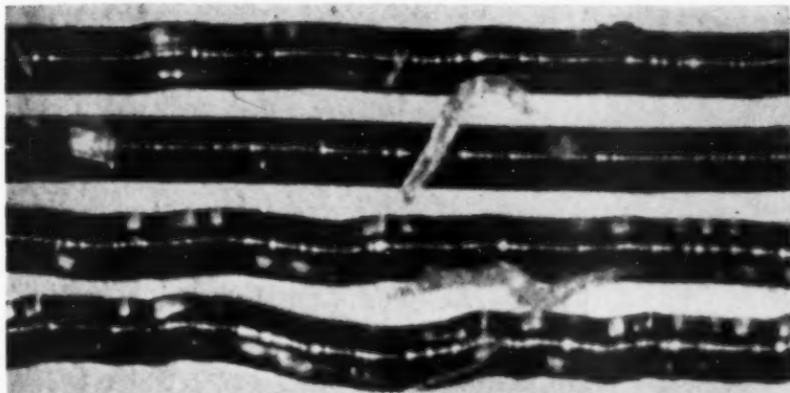


Figure 6. Monaural LP played several times without cleaning. The white line in the middle of the groove is a stylus mark and packed dirt. Bright lumps in the middle of the groove are spots of dirt. Lint and dirt are also found across grooves (cane-shape). Highlights on groove walls are pieces of dirt imbedded in groove by stylus, or damage to groove from grinding dirt between groove wall and stylus.

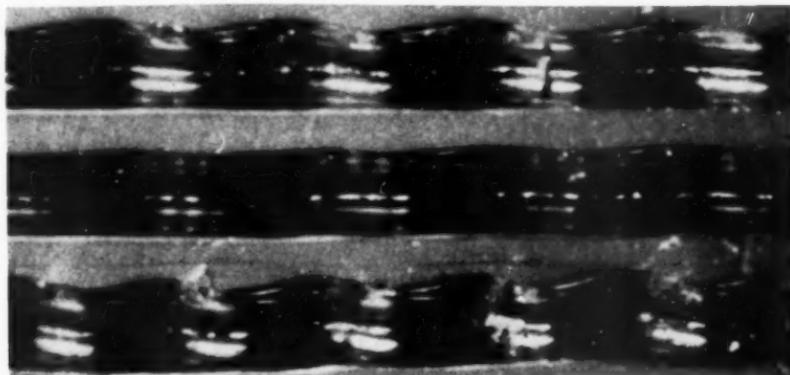


Figure 7. Microphotograph of a stereo record played 50 times on a record changer with a popular cartridge without any cleaning. In the bottom groove the dirt is ground into the groove wall. Highlights are badly damaged modulation caused by excessive pressure of the record-changer arm and the dirt carried by stylus and ground between groove walls and stylus. Intermittent highlights at bottom of groove are the results of packed dirt or stylus track.

tween the record groove and stylus because, at the point of their contact, there are several tons of pressure. This friction is so great that the stylus as it moves along, slightly deforms the record groove in the direction of stylus travel. When the elastic pull of the vinyl overcomes the friction, the vinyl snaps back into shape, causing a "tick". This phenomenon occurs several thousand times a second, and in random fashion. We hear this as surface noise. Surface noise has no characteristic pitch because of its random character.

Now, by coincidence, dust and records have opposite charges; therefore all manner of dust and dirt is continually attracted to the record. The function of a record cleaner, then, is two-fold. Primarily, it must remove any static charges so that dirt can be easily dislodged; then it must efficiently remove the dust and grit from the record without grinding it into the groove. For this reason a stylus is not a good nor even a passable method of removing dust and grit, even when the cartridge or arm is supplied with a radio-

active ionizing device (refer to photographs 6, 7, and 8).

Available record-cleaning devices can be divided into the following categories: radioactive devices with and without brushes; brushes, including those that clip on record-player arms; aerosol sprays; chemical cleaning cloths; special detergents; and miscellaneous apparatus.

The radioactive devices bombard and ionize the surrounding air. Since ionized air is a conductor, most of the static charges on the record bleed off and dirt

can be easily dislodged. Unfortunately, static charges in the vicinity leak back into the de-staticized area as soon as the device moves on, and the whole cycle starts again. Meanwhile the stylus grinds the dislodged particles into the groove. Camel's hair brushes used with these devices are passable but not consistently efficient. For best results they should be moistened before use with distilled water. Tap water, especially hard water, is not satisfactory because it collects in droplets and leaves salt and dirt deposits. For

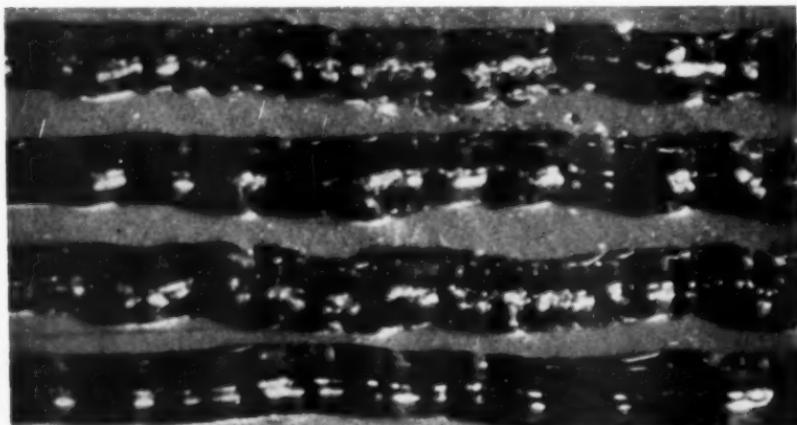


Figure 8. These are stereo grooves played 50 times with a popular cartridge and cleaned after each playing by wiping with a record cloth. Note that the surface of the record is clean. The grooves, however, are full of grime and dirt. The cloth literally swept the surface dirt on the record into the grooves, and was unable to reach in and clean the bottom of the grooves. Note the dirt ground into the side walls of the groove, jamming high-frequency tracings, generating noise, increasing stylus wear from abrasion, and ultimately deteriorating performance. Highlights are worn down modulation peaks. Bright line in the middle of groove wall indicates intermittent contact of stylus with groove. The record is now incapable of yielding good reproduction. Note dirt at bottom of groove.

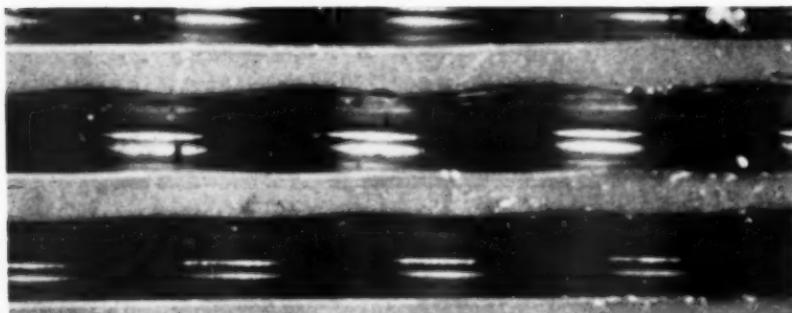


Figure 9. Stereo record played on a changer with "high-fidelity" crystal cartridge. The stereo groove has been obliterated by the low compliance of the stylus and the high vertical tracking force needed with record changers. Bright line, parallel to that in the center of the groove shows that the stylus removed an existing modulation and also polished the groove. No cleaning process was used. Again dirt was packed in the bottom of groove.

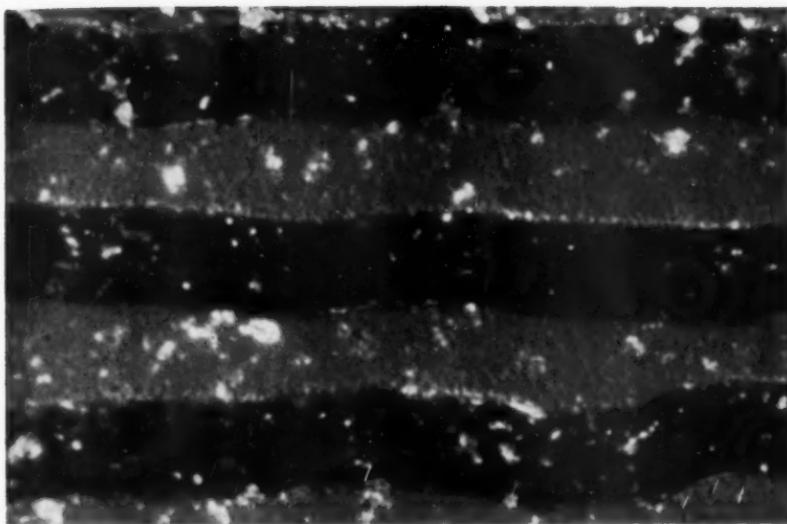


Figure 10. Long-playing monaural record grooves cleaned with detergent and pad according to instructions supplied. The solvent of the detergent has evaporated and left behind a solid residue which holds on to grit and dirt. The pad seems to have removed lint; however, it did not get into the groove. The detergent has effectively dissolved the dirt and left an even abrasive coating over the entire surface and inside of the groove. Playing the record in this condition is equivalent to playing it with a fine sandpaper stylus, and damage will also be done to the stylus.

graphic evidence, refer to photograph 12.

Brushes alone are worse than nothing. Camel's hair is not stiff enough to penetrate into the groove. Brushing, therefore, has two results. More static electricity is developed; and, because the static charges have not been removed, very little of the dirt and dust can be dislodged. The result of this kind of cleaning is similar to that shown in figure 8.

Not all of the dozens of aerosol sprays were tried, but with all the brands used the same conditions were encountered. All contained gummy solids. It is true that they de-staticize the record, but they do not remove dirt. The gummy residue holds the dirt on the surface and in the groove so that the stylus can grind it into the groove walls. If the record is wiped with a cloth the mixture is still swept into the groove (such clogging of the groove, of course, means poor contact between stylus and groove and, ultimately, poor reproduction). The situation is similar to that encountered in figures 8 and 10.

There is, however, a more serious disadvantage in using aerosol sprays. The

chemicals contained in the sprays attack the rubber or latex suspension used in most high-fidelity cartridges. Partial disintegration or hardening of this suspension occurs from three to six months after use of the spray. When the suspension stiffens the stylus cannot move freely; this results in audible distortion of sound, and record grooves are damaged, if not destroyed, because the stylus literally plows through the high-frequency etchings. If the "goo" hardens, however, these high-frequency etchings already will have been destroyed because they are filled with the concrete-like mixture. I would like to point out that no record company or stylus-cartridge manufacturer recommends this method of cleaning.

Chemical cleaning cloths, also, are ineffectual. See figure 8. Fortunately, the damage incurred is not as severe as with sprays.

Detergents seem to be the modern answer to all cleaning and washing problems. They do their job of dissolving dirt beautifully. However, when records are wiped with any special detergent solution

both the dissolved dirt and the detergent remain on the record. Unless used very sparingly the grooves become filled up and the stylus cannot track properly. True, the stylus will track properly on the second or third play (with stereo records, on the fourth or fifth play), but the high-frequency etchings do not empty out properly. They are not recommended, as regular household detergents have the same effect. Their only advantage, negated by over-all results, is that the anti-static chemicals included in special compounds work very well.

Record manufacturers often recommend wiping the record with a damp cloth. This cleans the surface of the record. It also sweeps the dirt into the groove, and leaves salt deposits unless distilled water is used. It does very little to bleed off the static charge on the record. The results are the same as those shown in figure 8.

Theoretically, records when purchased should be as clean as in figures 1 and 2. However, the ambient conditions at the mastering studio, plant, and stores do quite a bit to make this condition entirely theoretical. If dust is present on the master or even in the air when the master lacquer is monitored, this dust will be packed into the bottom and walls of the groove. When the negative master is made, the dirt will then be faithfully silhouetted and will show up on the final

product. See figure 3. Needless to say, from a consumer's point of view this condition cannot be improved. If, however, records are left unsealed in the factory or stores, dust will be attracted by the static charge and at the first playing the bottom of the groove will be packed up (figures 3, 4, 5, etc.) in such a manner that it will be impossible to remove completely (figures 12, 13, and 14).

Now, back to the immediate problem. The only product I have found which reliably cleans records is the "Dust Bug", marketed by Electro-Sonic Laboratories (ESL). This product is effective, with the proviso that the record must be clean and not in one of the conditions described above. The "Dust Bug" consists of a pad to clean the surface of the groove and a very small, stiff nylon brush to clean the bottom and walls of the groove. There is no record wear, because the nylon bristles are much softer than diamond styli and the vinyl is resilient. The pad and brush are moistened with an optimum solution of Ethylene Glycol, supplied by the manufacturer, which provides a leakage path for static electricity. The coating that remains is almost non-existent, and collected dust and grit are not ground into the groove because the nylon brush does not exert the same point-contact pressure as the stylus. The whole assembly is mounted on a plastic arm which traverses the record



Figure 11. Long-playing groove played 100 times by a .001 stylus. This record was cleaned by a rotary brush device to clean the surface and a semi-stiff nylon bristle brush to clean the bottom of the groove. Note the cleanliness and smoothness of groove walls, demonstrating that no damage has been done by dirt caught between stylus and groove wall. This record is still in perfect shape. The trade name of the device is the "Dust-Bug". Since anti-static compound is used on the brush, no dirt or lint has been held to the record by static attraction. Notice the lack of gumminess and deposits as compared with other methods of cleaning. The bottom of groove again shows stylus track and packed dirt which is impossible to remove. However, contact areas of groove walls are extremely clean.

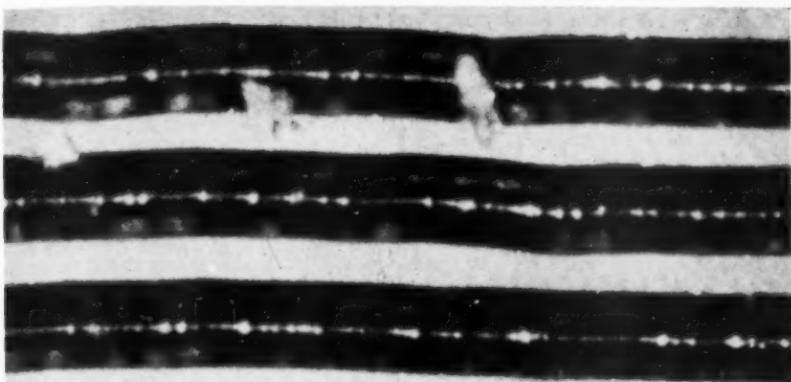


Figure 12. Slightly used LP cleaned each play with atomic ionizing device and brush. Highlights on groove wall show where dirt and grit between stylus and groove wall have damaged the trace. Comparison with Figure 6 shows condition slightly better than with no cleaning but neither groove nor surface is entirely clean. Highlights at bottom of groove are dirt spots.

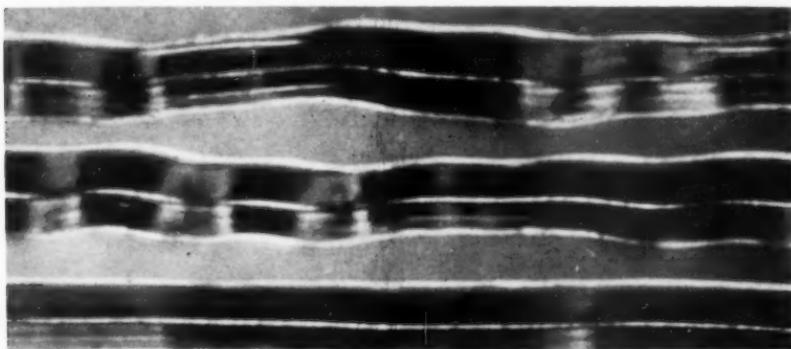


Figure 13. Stereo record played 12 times using "Dust-Bug" device. Tracking is excellent. Note lack of damage to groove walls because of absence of dirt. Record is in perfect shape. Groove bottom still shows dirt or vinyl shavings smoothly packed. This condition does not seem to interfere with tracking. Stylus of .005 diameter was used.

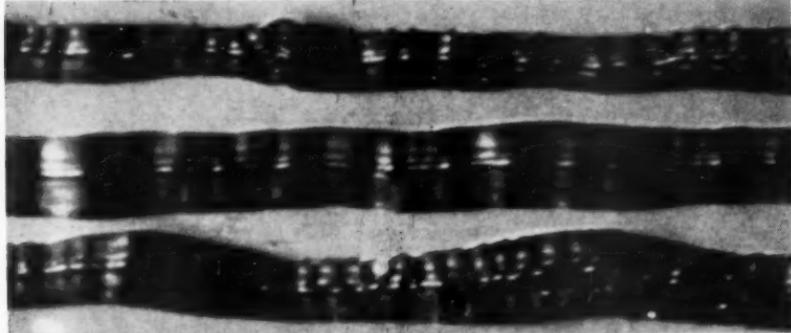


Figure 14. Stereo record played 500 times. This record was treated with a dry waxy substance that has a high melting point and acts as a lubricant. Since it is also a good electrical conductor the discharge of generated static electricity (see text) is almost instantaneous. The highlights indicate some wear but not so much as to detract from enjoyment. The record was also cleaned with a "Dust-Bug" during each play. This is unbelievable but true, and prompts the wish that record companies would supply discs so coated. V bottom of groove again shows evidence of packed dirt or shavings.

just a few grooves ahead of the stylus.

Unquestionably the best record-cleaning mechanism I have seen is the "Parastat". This is a device containing two brushes and two pads, each $5\frac{1}{2}$ " long (both sides of the record are cleaned simultaneously), which are coated with Cetyl alcohol. The record is placed in a plastic jaw holding the brushes, and is then rotated. The pads and brushes clean both the surface and the grooves of the record, and for good measure the label. The Cetyl alcohol dries as a waxy molecular film on the record which provides a low-resistance leakage path for static charges and a lubricant for the record. The results are unbelievable. Surface noise is reduced, as is stylus and record wear (figure 14). High-frequency response is generally very much improved after using the "Parastat". Unfortunately, it is not now available in this country (it is of British design and manufacture). The price—around \$75—is also high. Originally it was designed to be used in record stores as a service to customers. However, for the really serious record collector it may be a worth-while investment because both stylus and record wear are so drastically reduced.

The question remains whether or not anything can be done to restore records which now contain a residue, coating, or quantity of ground-in dirt due to lack of, or improper, cleaning. The only answer I know for this problem is washing.

The procedure is simple. One needs a soft brush (such as a soft facial or cosmetic brush) and a detergent (Ivory Liquid is the only one I have found that is pure enough to be satisfactory) containing no lanolin or anti-irritant. Avoid detergents with coloring, perfume, and other additions. Mix the detergent one to 50 parts with water (tap water is all right). Dip the brush in the solution and brush the record carefully, following the direction of the grooves. Both sides should be cleaned. Then rinse under cool running water from the tap, removing all trace of detergent. Don't be concerned if the label gives off a colored stream; it won't come off. Allow the water to run off the record as you hold it vertically between your hands. Surface tension will draw most of the water from

the grooves, leaving some drops. Place a clean, dry Turkish towel on a flat surface, and dry the record by placing your thumb at the center hole and slowly spinning the record on the towel. Allow the label to dry (three to four minutes), and then place it in a polyethylene sleeve until ready to play. If, when the record is inspected under a strong light, residue or fingerprints are still visible, the process may be repeated. If done properly, washing cannot harm records. Washing does not insure that the record will remain clean; a "Dust Bug" should be used during subsequent plays.

Records are a large investment; it makes sense to handle them with care. Never handle a record by the playing surface. Fingerprints contain grease and acid which are damaging to both record and stylus. Keep records in plastic sleeves, and use new ones when the old sleeves become soiled. These sleeves prevent scratching against the cardboard sleeve and keep dust off the record. Never place records or sleeves on dusty or gritty surfaces (plastic sleeves can become charged with static electricity and also attract dust). Never leave a record in the paper sleeve that many manufacturers supply. These are dust-catchers and worse than nothing. Their function is finished when you read the advertising on them. The best storage place for records is in bookshelves rather than on open racks.

A last word about procedures used in the foregoing tests. In all instances the audible effect of cleaners was checked by means of the Cook "White Noise" record. This was adopted as a control on listening tests because of the constancy of sound from groove to groove. "White" or random noise contains the complete audio spectrum. With good playback equipment even a small change or absence in the spectrum is easily and immediately noticed, especially in the high frequencies. The effect is also audible on musical material, but because frequency and dynamic changes in music are so numerous the ear can be more easily fooled. The continual presence of extremely-high-frequency etching on the "white noise" record made groove damage audible and unmistakable.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Picture History of Opera, by Philip Hope-Wallace, in collaboration with Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson. London: Edward Hulton, distributed by Macmillan in the U. S. A. 160 pp., index, \$7.00.

HERE is a real need for a first-class, no-faults, no-weaknesses, not-overpriced pictorial history of opera. This is not it. Despite many excellences, Hope-Wallace's book is weakened by the lack of a consistent point of view and purpose. It is vaguely historical, vaguely designed to please Covent Garden devotees—especially those with long memories—and spiced up with some off-beat illustrations and photos. Perhaps the fact that this is part of a pictorial series published by Hulton and dealing with such topics as English pottery, ships, flight, and railways as well as ballet, opera, and theater is what is wrong here. Such a book as this should be addressed to the serious opera-lover but, certainly, the audience addressed by Hope-Wallace's lengthy text is not presumed to have much operatic experience or awareness. Indeed, there are uncomfortable moments when one has the awful feeling that he might be addressing those to whom all opera is comic opera. There is no lack of flippancy here and not very much of it is uproariously funny. Penetrating essays on operatic history are, admittedly, out of place in such a picture book, but it seems to me that Hope-Wallace's rehash of al-

ready overly familiar operatic history is just as out of place. I would rather have more photos. Even the writing is surprisingly clumsy and casual for a staff member of the *Manchester Guardian*.

So long as the illustrative material was chosen to document the first performance of an opera or a performance of interest of about the same time, the book is satisfying. Many of the illustrations have not been reproduced in book form before and those of the 18th and 19th centuries are frequently enchanting. Also rewarding are the rare photos of Russian operas. What does disappoint is the scattering of illustrations of famous artists in famous roles. The choice seems to be limited to artists of two to four decades ago and the choice seems unduly capricious. Not a single photo of such recent favorites as Callas, Tebaldi, Nilsson, or Rysanek is included. The modern scene is represented by production shots of modern British and American operas—badly reproduced. I have no real quarrel with the inclusion of some special artists along the way but since it could not be consistently done for all periods, operas, and types of singers, it would seem to have been a better idea not to attempt it at all, except where the artists were somehow concerned with an important first performance or something of the kind.

All in all, a disappointment. Collectors will want to take a careful look at this book before making a decision. —G.L.M.

Other books recently received

STUDIA MEMORIAE BELAE BARTÓK SACRA (twenty-six papers on musical folklore by Zoltán Kodály, Paul Collaer, Jaap Kunst, Laurence Picken, Viktor Beliaev, Maud Karpeles, and others), edited by G. Dienes. Budapest: Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Distributed in the United States by Boosey and Hawkes, \$10.

MOTHER IS MINNIE, by Sophie Guggenheimer Untermyer and Alix Williamson; Introduction by Jack Paar. Doubleday, \$3.95.

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG, translated, and with a foreword, by Stewart Robb; introduction by Edward Downes. Dutton (Everyman paperback), \$1.95.

Introducing a new column . . .

LETTER FROM LONDON

LONDON

WHILE I was in Salzburg and Munich during August, a leading record company quietly folded up and gave itself away! Top Rank, a subsidiary of Rank Films, handed over its assets and liabilities to the E.M.I. Group without consideration.

Top Rank started operation in April of last year and had appeared to have survived the initial difficulties of entering the record industry. They had recently instituted a system of quarterly rather than monthly releases and only six months ago had launched with great publicity a new line of cheap records. Naturally rumours about the demise of Rank Records are rife, including the suggestion that in their short period of operation they had lost over £1,000,000 and that there are the same number of records lying in stock which it will now not be possible to sell.

At the time of writing, E.M.I. have only agreed to take over such part of the popular catalogue which they think they can use and what now happens to the valuable and interesting Vanguard and Everest labels which Rank had distributed in the United Kingdom is anybody's guess. The serious music lover will hope that these records are not lost to us here and that, should arrangements be concluded for their redistribution, the stereo side will not be neglected. In my own view, Rank's failure to produce stereodiscs handicapped them in trying to catch up with their rivals.

Turning to more pleasant things, Deutsche Grammophon have just made their first recording with La Scala. All the previous La Scala recordings were made for Columbia (Angel in the United States), and this new tie-up makes one wonder what D.G.G. have in mind to record. The first opera chosen is Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera", in which the leading singers

will be Gianni Poggi, Antonietta Stella and Ettore Bastianini.

Two other operas which D.G.G. are including in this season's plans are "*Le Nozze de Figaro*" and "*Elektra*". The "*Figaro*" will at last give us Fischer-Dieskau's tremendous Count on records and the others in the cast will be Maria Stader as the Countess, Irmgard Seefried as Susanna, Hertha Töpper as Cherubino and, perhaps most interesting of all, Renato Cacopodi as Figaro. Ferenc Fricsay will conduct.

Karl Böhm will return to Dresden, where he made the "*Rosenkavalier*" set, to conduct the "*Elektra*" recording in which the title role will be sung by Inge Borkh. Marianne Schede will sing Chrysothemis, Jean Madeira Klytemnestra and Fischer-Dieskau Orest.

Fischer-Dieskau has recently completed for Deutsche Grammophon a fine new Schubert record of Goethe Lieder, a coupling of the Brahms "Four Serious Songs" with the Dvořák "Biblical Songs", and, with Irmgard Seefried, excerpts from Handel's "*Julius Caesar*". For Electrola he has recently completed recording the Wolf *Goethe Lieder* on three LPs and in October he will record Mandryka in "*Arabella*" with Lisa Della Casa and Anneliese Rothenberger under Keilberth, and Wolfram in "*Tannhäuser*".

To return to Deutsche Grammophon: This firm has recently signed two of today's leading pianists, Geza Anda and Rudolf Firkusny. The latter has so far recorded only the piano version of Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, but a much more ambitious programme has been planned for the young Hungarian virtuoso. His first disc includes the twenty-four Préludes of Chopin, the Second and Third Concertos of Bartók, the B flat Concerto of Brahms and, with Schneiderhan and

Fournier, the Triple Concerto of Beethoven. His compatriot, Ferenc Fricsay, conducts all these concerto recordings.

The first record Fricsay completed after his severe illness last year was a stunning version of Mozart's great C minor Mass, K. 427—easily the best version so far, in my view. He has also remade the "New World" Symphony and a coupling of *Vltava* and *Les Préludes*.

D.G.G. plan to re-record most of the classical repertory for stereo and they hope to have Schneiderhan and Seemann do all the Beethoven Violin Sonatas and, when he recovers from a recent injury to his left hand, to have Wilhelm Kempff re-do all the Beethoven Piano Concertos.

At the moment only two further discs are to come from Karajan for D.G.G.—a Liszt disc with Shura Cherkassky and the Mozart Requiem. Jörg Demus has a new version of the "Trout" Quintet, while a major undertaking in the Archive series will be the Bach B minor Mass under Karl Richter.

Decca (London in America) have completed the new "Otello" with Rysanek, Vickers, and Gobbi conducted by Serafin;

a Verdi Requiem under Reiner with Rysanek, Elias, Bjoerling, and Tozzi, and what promises to be either the most loved or most hated recording of the year—the new, gimmick-ridden "Die Fledermaus". In this recording Prince Orlofsky *really* has himself a ball, and every major artist on the Decca roster with the exception of Kirsten Flagstad and Cesare Siepi will take part. I will leave further details to the imagination.

Decca are at last going ahead with a complete "Tristan und Isolde" with Birgit Nilsson and Fritz Uhl in the title roles. Uhl is a tenor who sings regularly in Munich and, in the past two years, at Bayreuth. He is young and promising, but whether he is ready for such an assignment as this I very much doubt. Regina Resnik sings Brangäne and Georg Solti conducts the Vienna Philharmonic, but it is going to be difficult to surpass Flagstad and Furtwängler.

Next month I hope to report on, amongst other things, the new Verdi Requiem with Christoff, conducted by Serafin, and the Fischer-Dieskau "Fliegende Holländer".

—MICHAEL MARCUS

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THREE IN SOULS *a sympathy with sounds, and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased with melting airs or martial, brisk or grave; some chord in unison with what we hear is touched within us, and the heart replies.*

—William Cowper

J. S. BACH: *6 Brandenburg Concerti* (complete); Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra conducted by Yehudi Menuhin.

Capitol Stereo set SGBR-7217, \$11.96. ¹
Wenzinger Archive ARC-3105/6
Redel Westminster XWN-2219
Prohaska Bach Guild 540/2
Münchinger ... London CMA-7211, ² OSA-2301

(S)THIS recording, which features Menuhin not only as director but also as performer on the violin in numbers 1 (violino piccolo), 2, 3, 4, 5, and first violist in number 6, is without doubt one of the best sets of Brandenburgs available. A great deal of research has gone into the preparation for these performances: generally speaking, authentic instruments such as recorders and gambas are utilized, the two-chord second movement of the third concerto has been replaced by a tasteful if slightly long arrangement for violin, viola, and continuo by Benjamin Britten of the slow movement from Bach's sixth Trio Sonata for organ, and phrasing as well as ornamentation is far closer to the traditional baroque style than most of the available recordings. Tempi are very spirited but not rushed, and the renditions are kept on a true chamber orchestra level. Menuhin has gathered some splendid musicians for this recording, and one has the feeling that there must have been a great deal of enjoyment in connection with the rehearsing and performance of this music. My only reservation is with George Malcolm's handling of the first movement of number five: this skilled harpsichordist, for all his technical

mastery, plays the cadenza rather dryly and totally loses the effect of the climax through some fussy and overfrequent changes in registration. The sound of the recording is very good with a nice acoustical background, certainly better recorded than any of the competing versions. Here again, however, the harpsichord detracts, for it is not allowed to come out enough either as a continuo instrument (very well executed by Kinloch Anderson, with some very imaginative realization in the last movement of number six) or as the *concertato* instrument in number five. One also has the impression that Menuhin, at least in the stereo version, is a little too prominent to the detriment of some of the other solo players. All in all, however, the engineers have done an admirable job in balancing the various instruments; there can be few compositions which are more difficult than these to record properly. To sum up, Menuhin and his forces present a highly enjoyable set of Brandenburgs which, while not so scholarly as the Archive Wenzinger performances, is in matters of tempo and style a great improvement over most of the competing versions. —I.K.

*
J. S. BACH: *Concerto in F ("Italian")*, Partita No. 1 in B flat, Partita No. 2 in C minor; Glenn Gould (piano). Columbia ML-5472, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6141, \$5.98.

(S)MEMORY fails when one attempts to recall a pianist who plays Bach like Glenn

Gould. Thirty years ago the tendency among leading pianists was to perform Bach with a warm, singing tone and lots of pedal. About that time Landowska was beginning to be encountered by a larger public, many of whom had never before heard this music played on the harpsichord, the instrument for which Bach conceived it. More people heard Landowska during the thirties and suddenly more artists began to turn to the harpsichord, stimulated by what they had heard and by the thought that a public demand was growing for more harpsichord recitals. There was a demand, and it burgeoned. Today more people hear Bach played on the harpsichord than I suspect even a Landowska would have thought possible when she first began giving recitals. All this exposure could not have failed to impress that portion of the younger generation of pianists with a predilection for Bach. Consequently, we have heard many young artists over the past fifteen years who have tried, in playing Bach, either to imitate or evoke the sonorities of the antique instrument, to make a piano speak with a harpsichord's accent. It has been an exciting investigation, though there have been many occasions when one wished artists would stop experimenting and play like Harold Samuel. Glenn Gould—and the work of a couple of other artists—has made the venture worth-while. Gould's playing of Bach is notable, first of all, for immaculate rhythmic and linear clarity.

Moreover, I have never heard another pianist who could so successfully evoke the crisp articulation and light transparency of the harpsichord without an obvious attempt to deny those qualities which uniquely belong to the piano. Part of Gould's magic is his extraordinary control in finger attack. He gets a broad range of tonal hues by finger attack alone. He uses the pedal very little. His legato is quite effective, especially when you consider that in any section he is apt to employ, as one would with a harpsichord, a flat dynamic. Of the three superb new performances Gould offers, I must single out the B flat Partita as surpassingly beautiful.

—C.J.L.

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Beethoven

by Krips—

**the year's
outstanding
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recording?**

By C. J. LUTEN

BEETHOVEN: *Nine Symphonies; Leonore Overture No. 3; Egmont Overture;* London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips; Jennifer Vyvyan, Shirley Carter, Rudolf Petrak, Donald Bell, BBC Chorus (in the Ninth Symphony). Everest set LPBR-6065 8, sixteen sides, or Stereo SDBR-3065 8, \$39.98.



THAT JOSEF KRIPS is a first-rate musician, orchestral technician, and musical scholar has been acknowledged by most thoughtful record collectors since the early days of LP. Krips is the Apollonian conductor—serene, authoritative, controlled—as opposed to the Dionysian leader, frequently inspirational but with a passion that resists governing. Not for nothing was Krips assistant in 1921 at the age of 19 to Felix Weingartner at the Vienna Volksoper. At this impressionable age, Krips perhaps solidified his purpose of conducting with an art which conceals skill and with an ethos which places musical matters above the aggrandizement of personality. Surely he had a proper model at that time for doing so. But whenever it was, as long as anyone I know can remember, Krips has been the dignified professional and the musician's musician.

Some who know his work but casually through his worthy pre-stereo London recordings may think of Krips as eminently dependable but unexciting. This insufficiently informed opinion can be understood. One needs to hear Krips in concert or in the best stereo recording to realize fully his skill in grading dynamics, for example, or his precision in effecting lucid internal balances, qualities vital to the chiaroscuro of expression and indispensable in the work of a conductor who does not go in for outsized dynamics, soigné tonal finish, or contrary, idiosyncratic phrasing.

Piatigorsky once said: "The audience wants blood." I have many thoughts about this truism, but the one that comes to mind right now is my impression that the Apollonian artist is the one who must wait longest for honor from many critics and the broad public. Certainly Krips has not yet won recognition commensurate with his ability in America, though he is close to attaining it in Europe, where he has had a great deal more exposure. In America, I am sure his full powers have been revealed to only a relative few.

Krips came to this country on a regular basis in 1954, when he was appointed musical director of the Buffalo Philharmonic. With this ensemble he has conducted a most successful bootstrap operation while filling a plentiful schedule of

European conducting dates. During the past six years, Krips has continued making records for London in such diverse locations as Vienna, Paris, London, and Tel Aviv and has also been recorded by RCA Victor in New York in the company of no less an artist than Artur Rubinstein. In this time, it is a crime that Krips has not had a guest shot in New York during a winter season with any of our three leading eastern orchestras, an opportunity many of his inferiors have had, to make his talents better known to large audiences and to those who can make a big career for an artist in America so quickly. So far as I know, Krips has given but one indoor New York concert—a memorable one with the Symphony of the Air—although during the past couple of seasons he has led abbreviated Beethoven cycles with members of the New York Philharmonic at Lewisohn Stadium to public and critical approval. I suspect, however, that because of Everest's resplendent recording of Krips' performances of the Beethoven symphonies we shall be hearing more of him, and soon.

As Weingartner before him (and whose work, incidentally, Krips' resembles to a remarkable degree) Krips is an outstanding conductor of Beethoven's music, which he has played with considerable frequency. He established the London Beethoven Festival in 1951 with the London Symphony Orchestra, and it is doubtless this long association that has produced these finished and responsive performances.

Before going further, I must comment on the care and marvelous engineering skill Everest has lavished on Krips and his forces. It has, in so doing, set new standards for the recording art. These records have amazing presence, natural spaciousness in a generous stereo effect, superb definition of timbre, and a dynamic expanse one has hitherto heard only in such a set as London's blue-ribbon "*Das Rheingold*". It was a wise decision to spread the Nine Symphonies to eight records and to fill in the gaps with the *Leonore No. 3* and *Egmont* overtures, rather than to squeeze them onto the usual seven. It allows us, by the way, to hear repeats in the First, Second, Fourth, and Fifth that we often miss. Every now and then there is some

blemish in the purity of the sound in tutti at the end of a disc—a kind of break-up in the sound—and the side containing the first two movements of the Fifth Symphony in my review copy was afflicted with a kind of rattle in loud passages. These flaws prove that Everest, which for the moment has outdistanced its competition, has only made it to the summit of Annapurna; but Everest is in sight.

To return to what these recordings make clear, I must declare that I have never heard in my home more enjoyable or more authoritative performances of Symphonies 1, 2, 4, or 8. These rank in every way with my earlier favorites of Toscanini's No. 1, Beecham's No. 2, Walter's recent and Toscanini's BBC No. 4, and Karajan's 78 recording of No. 8. Krips' performances of No. 5 and No. 9 (forgetting the disparity in vocal cream and ease of the soloists) are to my mind similar to and the equal in effect of Weingartner's, and that should be praise enough for anyone. The *Eroica* and the *Seventh*, too, are good performances, though some may find the Funeral March marked *Adagio assai* not enough *adagio* for them; and others may want more tautness of line in the first movement *allegro* of the *Seventh*. The *Pastoral*, an acknowledged specialty of Krips, proved disappointing to me. This version flows, shows strong architectural planning, and is grandly detailed, but there is a curious absence of joyousness, of inner, overflowing spirit that reminds me of a lovely garden filled with people who aren't enjoying it. I find what I am looking for in the *Pastoral* in Bruno Walter's magical rendition.

As you can see, Krips has a remarkable number of successes in this set, plus a thrilling *Egmont* overture and a very good *Leonore No. 3*. Few, indeed, are the conductors in one's lifetime who play so many of Beethoven's symphonies so well, who almost always, as Krips does, choose a workable tempo that seems correct, who give each symphony its unique identity, who show you the difference between No. 1 and No. 2, who get the rhythms right, and let you hear so much of what you can see in the score.

In gratitude, I nominate this set as the outstanding orchestral recording of 1960.

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in C, Op. 15*; Claudio Arrau (piano); Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel Stereo S-35723, \$5.98. Solomon, Menges.....Angel S-35580

§ARRAU is apparently in the process of recording all the Beethoven piano concerti, and this latest disc is a good example of the pianist's thorough musicianship and Beethoven style. There are no excesses or eccentricities in this performance as there are in some recorded versions; everything is presented logically and calmly, without quite the brilliance I should have liked (especially in the rather slowish first movement), but with great understanding. Solomon's slightly older disc is perhaps a little more exciting, and it has the further advantage of including the Op. 90 Piano Sonata as a bonus; the present disc is not quite so generous. The sound of both solo instrument and orchestra is a little distant, and stereo does not reveal much beyond the addition of depth. —I.K.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F, Op. 68 ("Pastoral")*; *Prometheus Overture, Op. 43*; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. London Stereo CS-6160, \$4.98.

§THIS "Pastoral" has everything except warmth and personality. Walter's recent reading with the Columbia Symphony is superior. The interpretation of the *Prometheus* Overture is emotionally more gripping—at once powerful and efficient. —D.H.M.

BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 2 in B flat for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 83*; Rudolf Serkin (piano); Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML-5491, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6156, \$5.98.

Ashkenazy, LudwigAngel 35649
Gilels, ReinerRCA Victor LM LSC-2219
Horowitz, ToscaniniRCA Victor LCT-1025

§SERKIN'S previous recordings were issued in 1946 (reissued on LP) and 1956, both with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. This latest version, naturally, boasts the best sound, and the performance itself is up to Serkin's customary high standards. It is a powerful, dynamic interpretation which is at its best in the

last three movements. The first movement, for all its strength, seems strangely lacking in propulsion, perhaps because of a more leisurely tempo, and the movement as a whole is not successful to my mind. Both Serkin and Ormandy achieve a unified concept, and the orchestral playing, aside from being slightly subordinate to the sound of the piano, is fine. —I.K.

BRAHMS: *Violin Concerto*; Isaac Stern with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML-5486, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6153, \$5.98.

§THIS issue is a tribute to the 25th anniversary of the debut of Isaac Stern, one of Columbia's important recording artists. It includes a special inner sleeve which contains several pages of photographs and a "profile" of the violinist. As a demonstration of Stern's mastery of his instrument, his care for musical detail, and of Columbia's engineering skill, the new record is impressive. But the performance that is offered, as brightly polished as it is, does not strike me as a memorable experience. Both Stern and Ormandy miss the degree of intensity and the breadth of expression which would have made their collaboration outstanding. —C.J.L.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 73*; Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch. Epic LC-3722, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1093, \$5.98.

ToscaniniRCA Victor LM-1731
KlempererAngel 35532, S-35532
WalterColumbia M4L-252, M4S-615
FurtwänglerRichmond 19020
WeingartnerHarmony 7247

§TO the growing list of fine recorded performances of the Second Symphony one must certainly add this new version by the Vienna Symphony and its young chief conductor. It is an interpretation that is both intensely lyrical (as for example the second theme of the first movement) and warm. The orchestra itself is not nearly so fine an ensemble as may be heard in other recordings, but Sawallisch's romantic and dynamic concept of the work places this release with the most outstanding among those available. The sound, without a sufficient treble cut, is regrettably quite shrill, but this should not deter anyone

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from investigating such a fresh-sounding performance as this. —I.K.

BLACKWOOD: *Symphony No. 1;*

HAIEFF: *Symphony No. 2;* Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. RCA Victor LM-2352, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2352, \$5.98.

⑧BOTH of these compositions were selected by a jury (Nadia Boulanger, Carlos Chávez, and Alfred Frankenstein) as the initial pair to be recorded "under the terms of the Recording Guarantee Project of the American International Music Fund." Certainly both are worthy, but careful listening brings me to the conclusion that the issue has been straddled. It is typical of juries to offend no one; over-pedantism seems to appeal to them. Neither Blackwood nor Haieff is an academician, but both are guilty of over-partisanship, the former in a sonorous conglomerate that has profile only because of a weighted harmonic viewpoint (quartalism), the other by a strictly Stravinsky lingo.

Haieff's is the better piece if comparisons are to be made. It is better because he does with fewer notes and achieves much more than the overblown, overstuffed, and very affected scoring of Blackwood. Haieff's orchestra is lean; Blackwood's is a reminder that lessons learned from Richard Strauss can well have been forgotten. The thicknesses of the younger man (Blackwood was born nineteen years later than Haieff) defeat him: presumably the assumption is that one cannot allow six horns and four flutes to sit around for an occasional tutti. So, into the orchestral soup they go, and the taste suffers. (Listeners will want to know that a study score has been published by Elkan-Vogel, Philadelphia, at \$5.)

It is apparent that Blackwood has passed through the violent contacts of the assorted differences that are to be found in the music of Sibelius, Berg and Schönberg (the difference between these last two is nowadays a very clear point of reference). It is also manifest that the schools of neoclassicism and free tonality, plus atonality, have been considered—perhaps toyed with. Understand this: Blackwood's work is not

a Pandora's Box of composition toys. His music has a synthesis of these elements, but paradoxically it is dramatically unfashionable, its signature is a feeble forgery of originality. Harsh words, perhaps. I hear the warning that this is a young composer. Nonsense! Too many critics are fearful of being wrong. I'll risk saying that Blackwood's Symphony will meet the fate of the large majority of prize works. Its virtues are the positives of taking the big chance—thirty minutes, a huge apparatus to help do so, and excellent form. Its blemishes are amazingly poor orchestration (the number of ill-gotten balances would fill pages) and the plain fact that it is just unoriginal. It sounds like a rich man's Walton, a poor man's Hindemith, and a dream man's interpretation of the second quartet of Schönberg.

Intelligibility of organization being the prime motive of musical form, the way it functions in Haieff's symphony is proof of his self-discipline and almost in the nature of a discovery. In the long run it is merely the rediscovery of Stravinsky of the pre-serial days. Haieff has always been stimulated by Stravinsky; this shows purely and is heard promptly in the black-white orchestration and harmonies of the present work, which is a redoing of an early piano sonata. But how neatly it is all done! The auditory experience does not overtax us; here are sixteen minutes of clean, heard-before-but-worth-hearing-again music.

—A.C.

BRITTEN: *Nocturne for Tenor Solo, Seven Obligato [sic] Instruments and String Orchestra, Op. 60;* Peter Pears (tenor), Alexander Murray (flute), Roger Lord (English horn), Gervase de Peyer (clarinet), William Waterhouse (bassoon), Barry Tuckwell (horn), Denis Blyth (timpani), Osian Ellis (harp), Strings of the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer. *Four Sea Interludes and Passacaglia from "Peter Grimes", Op. 33;* Claire Watson (soprano), Peter Pears (tenor), Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by the composer. London Stereo CS-6179, \$5.98.

Britten's 'Nocturne'

By JACK DIETHER

NOT SINCE the early baroque has any single composer surrounded the solo voice with such a rich variety of instrumental sounds in so many fine works as Benjamin Britten now has in his forty-seventh year, and his explorations still continue in both opera and concert works. His newest opera, "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*", for example, reportedly assigns each of the three choirs of its chamber orchestra to accompanying a single group of characters: lovers, clowns, and fairies respectively. In the realm of the song cycle with piano or orchestra, his startling juxtapositions and his penchant for constantly varying his ensemble to a marked degree have been traced especially to two surprisingly divergent examples: Purcell and Mahler. The real absorption and integration of these and other equally far-flung influences into his highly personal manner no doubt gives Britten's music its unique sound. As to Purcell, Britten himself has referred to "the continuous movement made up of independent, short sections mysteriously linked by subtle contrasts of key, mood, and rhythm." This he calls "the form which Purcell perfected", in which he is glad to call himself Purcell's disciple. The debt to Mahler in regard to form and coloristic devices has been widely commented on, and is handsomely acknowledged by the composer's dedication of his new *Nocturne* to Mahler's widow. (Britten has also been very active, both as performer and arranger, in promoting the music of these composers.)

In the *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*, Op. 31 (1943), Britten showed his interest in music's power to provide a "mysterious and subtle link" between poems, even when they are by different poets. Tennyson, Blake, and Keats were among the poets upon whom he drew in order to demonstrate that power, and the result was one of his loveliest conceptions. A few years later, the expansion of these tendencies to symphonic proportions was achieved in the 45-minute *Spring Sym-*

phony, Op. 44 (1949), a work for soloists, adult and boys' choirs with large orchestra, in which a veritable pageant of English poets from the Elizabethan to the modern provided the unifying theme. More continuous than either of these works in form, closer therefore to that Purcellian model, though on a larger scale, the 25-minute *Nocturne* moves more rapidly than heretofore from one text to another, and yet the sections are clearly differentiated by the simplest of devices.

The string orchestra provides the basic accompaniment, but after the first song each succeeding song introduces against the strings a different obligato (Britten's spelling) instrument or group of instruments, as follows:

1. Shelley: "On a poet's lips I slept" from *Prometheus Unbound*
2. Tennyson: *The Kraken* (bassoon)
3. Coleridge: "Encircled with a twine of leaves" from *The Wanderings of Cain* (harp)
4. Middleton: "Midnight Song" from *Blurt, Master Constable* (horn)
5. Wordsworth: "But that night when on my bed I lay" from *The Prelude* (timpani)
6. Wilfred Owen: "She sleeps on soft, last breaths" from *The King's Ghosts* (English horn)
7. Keats: "What is more gentle than a wind in summer" from *Sleep and Poetry* (flute and clarinet)
8. Shakespeare: *Sonnet 43*, "When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see" (tutti)

"On a poet's lips I slept" is accompanied throughout by mutedly dissonant figures in an ostinato rhythm suggesting the steady breathing of a sleeper (and reminding me harmonically of the drowning of Wozzeck), and this sleeping motive is apt to return momentarily, principally at the end of the sections, as identifiably as Mussorgsky's "Promenade" but more integrated with the other music. Thus Britten's musical stream of thought can proceed from start to finish, without, so to speak, having to wait for the more unwieldy intellectual processes of association to catch up. If read in succession, these poems would seem to have the most casual bearing on each other at best; but heard thus, they evolve as naturally, as inevitably as a continually changing dream does to the dreamer. Britten shows us that

music can be "true to the life of feeling in a way that words cannot", as Susanne K. Langer puts it, even while being more attentive to the literal meaning of individual words. This is of course an extension of a Wagnerian principle, but greatly subtilized, and applied to the highest poetry *not designed* for musical treatment.

One of the most miraculous things about the *Serenade* was the way the solo horn seemed to acquire a wholly different personality with each song. Although that particular virtuosity is by-passed in the *Nocturne* by the alternation of obligato instruments, there is something even more uncanny in the way the changing string textures seem to prepare for the entry of each new obligato as if it were the only natural sequent. The very underlying beat undergoes astonishing metamorphoses as the mood or texture changes, especially in songs 4 to 6. The four-to-a-bar breathing melts into the chiming of the midnight bell by the horn, which becomes in turn "the distant drum-beats of an approaching army" (Imogen Holst); this reaches the second and highest emotional apex of the work, with hammering blows, on ". . . a voice that cried to the whole City, 'Sleep no more!'", and then our four beats soften into the steady, plucked chords of a dirge under the free elegy of the English horn. The Coleridge setting is in the contrasting meter of a slow waltz, the text being initially concerned (as the album notes fail to tell us) with "Enoch, son of Cain, driven by the guilty ravings of his father out into the bright moonlight", to quote Miss Holst again. The spirit of Purcell further appears in the use of the ground-bass underlying Tennyson's poem of the Kraken, the sea monster who wakes to die at the world's end. The timpani part in the Wordsworth setting is one of the longest and most elaborate I have seen anywhere.

The inclusion in the *Serenade* of a Keats sonnet to "sleep, soft embalmer of the still midnight" was the most direct anticipation of the present work, and happily another Keats poem, from *Sleep and Poetry*, is included here. As Desmond Shawe-Taylor says: "In a sense, the *Nocturne* begins where the *Serenade* leaves off: the sleep invoked at the end of the earlier cycle is a

present reality at the outset of the new one." In the *Serenade* sonnet the horn was silent, since it was retiring off-stage for the epilogue, while the strings became ever more somnolent. In "What is more gentle", it is the strings that are silent for more than half the song. The flute and clarinet first alternate and then play together in runs and arpeggios as the sole accompaniment for the whole series of questions beginning "What is more . . .", the strings finally entering on the word "sleep" itself, divided into ten parts. After this sing, the erstwhile solo instruments are all heard together for the first time as the Shakespeare sonnet begins. And suddenly we realize that the instrumental roles have now been reversed: the "seven obligato instruments", plus the string basses, are providing an harmonic background for the rest of the strings, who are playing the obligato role in a flowing legato unison. For the first two quatrains of the sonnet, this unison is provided by the *solo* string quartet, thereafter by the *tutti*, the individual instruments or choirs dropping in or out to lighten or strengthen the line. The final climax of the work comes in the third quatrain, beginning "How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made", and we have seldom heard a more effective reminder of how darkly glowing any *ff* string unison will be that prominently involves the four lowest notes of the violin's G string, especially when heard through a dissonantly close chord in the winds. The final couplet,

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show
thee me.

provides the expected *morendo*.

As with *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo*, "*Peter Grimes*", *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*, *St. Nicolas*, "*The Little Sweep*", "*The Turn of the Screw*", and *Winter Words*, the collaboration of Britten and Pears provides for this recording of the *Nocturne* a stamp of authenticity it would seem impossible to supersede. In view of this, it seems absurd that only three of the above-mentioned recordings are currently available in this country, and that one of them never was; but let us hope that stereo will provide the occasion for some of them

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to be redone by the singer and composer. I don't want to go overboard in suggesting as I may have in connection with "Grimes", (March, 1960), that all of Britten's important tenor parts are inconceivable without Pears—only that it is difficult to keep his delivery of any of them out of your mind once you have heard it, and that those who both like his delivery and consider it apt for Britten, as I do, will hardly want to be without it if there is any choice in the matter. I have heard a very pleasant and worthy live performance of the *Nocturne* by John McCollum, though I would like to remind him that his Americanizing of the English "mew" into "meow" creates a hideously florid caterwauling here that may be good for a laugh, but quite breaks the musical spell.

The stereo sound is deep and warm; London has not released a mono pressing. The miniature score of *Nocturne* is already available from Boosey and Hawkes (\$3.00), and is strongly recommended. No text of the songs is provided with the recording.

On the other side of the disc, the orchestral interludes from "Peter Grimes" are rather clumsily patched together from the complete recording of the opera. I can only wonder whether Britten authorized or approved of this extraction, which necessitates the fading in and out of music in mid-passage, while appropriating the title and sequence of the composer's own carefully prepared concert arrangement (*Four Sea Interludes*, Op. 33a, and *Passacaglia*, Op. 33b). One can appreciate the record company's desire to put Britten's own conducting of these popular items on a single side, but a little foresight, plus an extra day's work when the opera was being recorded under him, would have provided the proper concert version. The incidental inclusion of the voices of Ellen and Peter in this mélange is no compensation, despite London's claim, for it is not even a fair sampling, and they are too obviously and perfunctorily there only because they could not be eliminated. Peter sings "Go there!" three times, and that is all; Ellen (Claire Watson) sings a few words at another place incongruously ending "I'll do the work; you talk." Not a very good intro-

duction to the opera, while Brittenites who already have the opera will naturally feel they are being gouged for the privilege of obtaining the *Nocturne*.

BRUBECK: *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra*; Dave Brubeck Quartet; New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein; **BERNSTEIN:** *5 Songs*; Dave Brubeck Quartet. Columbia CL-1466, \$3.98. (See page 178.)

BUXTEHUDE: *Complete Works for Organ*, Vol. 3; Finn Viderø (Frobenius Organ of St. John's Church at Vejle, Denmark). Washington Records WR-423, \$4.98.

▲THE third volume in this series contains the Preludes and Fugues in G minor, F major, E minor, and F sharp minor, Variations on *Vater unser im Himmelreich*, two chorale preludes on *Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist*, and the *Magnificat Primi Toni*. Viderø's interpretations on this lovely tracker-action organ are musically sound, and he seems more free in these works than in some of his previous recordings of other music, which occasionally leaned toward dryness. His Buxtehude is fairly dynamic and well-articulated, though it is not played with quite the style of phrasing that can be heard in the recording of the F sharp minor Prelude and Fugue, the *Magnificat Primi Toni*, or one of the versions of the above chorale prelude by the organist Hans Heintze (Archive 3115). Heintze utilizes a Walcha type of phrasing—in brief, conjunct notes are played legato; leaps or disjunct notes are separated. Viderø tends to run all his notes together, making not only the phrase itself sound uninteresting but very often the whole piece. Alf Linder, in his not yet completed series of Buxtehude for Westminster, also has recorded a good portion of the works contained on this disc, and here the choice is more difficult, for both organists are excellent musicians and both have been very well recorded. It remains only to be mentioned that Viderø's registration is in general very tasteful. —I.K.

CHOPIN: *14 Valses*; Alfred Cortot (piano). Angel COLH-32, \$5.98.

▲ALL told, Chopin wrote nineteen *Valses*, fourteen of which are included in every

collection. The remaining ones include the E major (number 15 in some editions) and a few relatively unknown pieces which until fairly recently remained in private hands. It is the familiar fourteen, recorded by Alfred Cortot in 1934 for HMV, which Angel has reissued in its "Great Recordings of the Century" series. The sound has unusual presence, so that Cortot's piano comes through remarkably lifelike and intimate.

While the *Valses* may not represent Cortot's Chopin playing at its greatest in comparison with the wonderful recordings he made for HMV of the Ballades, the Fantasy in F minor, the Impromptu in G flat, certain of the Études and the F minor Concerto, among others, they furnish an excellent introduction to his style for those who may be unfamiliar with it. It is the fashion now to dismiss Cortot as a "sloppy" player. True, he never was a stickler for the letter of the score, but how he caught the spirit of the music!

In his book *In Quest of Chopin*, Cortot refers to that master as "the most music-minded of pianists" and "the most exceptionally keyboard-minded of composers". Few pianists have delved so deeply into the problems facing the Chopin interpreter, or brought so keen a mind or so loving a heart to their Chopin interpretations as Cortot. Who but he has ever spun out that whirligig of a *Valse* in F major, Op. 34, No. 3, with so iridescent a tonal palette? Or captured the melancholy air of the A minor which precedes it with so haunting a singing tone? The latter was Chopin's own favorite among the *Valses*. Cortot plays it with a pace and rhythm designed, as he puts it, "merely to lull the memory of a vanished happiness."

How far we have strayed from Cortot's kind of Chopin playing, which was grounded in the romantic tradition of the "grand manner", is perhaps best exemplified in his performance of that farewell love poem to Marie Wodzinska, the *Valse* in A flat from Op. 69, where he takes those rhythmic liberties that are the despair of younger pianists. Cortot moons over it in a way that would be impossible today, when no one swoons over love any more. And yet, how right he makes it sound! Even the

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hackneyed items, the so-called "Minute" Waltz and the too, too familiar C sharp minor, are revealed again in all their pristine beauty at Cortot's hands. How magically, too, he captures and communicates the ecstasy of youth at its first ball in the swirling pages of the *Valse Brillante* in A flat, Op. 42.

Chopin, George Sand assures us, was "a man of society" at home "in the intimate world of the salons"—a world glowingly portrayed in the *Valses*. Underneath the perfumed elegance of his delivery of the more Parisian and salonish of these *Valses*, such as the first in E flat, Op. 18, the A flat in Op. 34, and the G flat in Op. 70, Cortot communicates the breathless urgency and expectancy with a flexibility of rhythm and nuance, an inner fire and bravura where necessary, not to mention a tone that melts in the ear, that few pianists could duplicate, note-perfect or no.

Now that Angel has made a good beginning in bringing to light again Cortot's matchless art as a Chopin interpreter, I for one hope that those incomparable examples of his art—the Chopin Ballades and the F minor Fantasy, if nothing else, will be forthcoming soon. These were truly "Great Recordings of the Century".

—R.K.

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CHOPIN: *Ballade No. 4 in F minor, Op. 52; Scherzo No. 3 in C sharp minor, Op. 39; Polonaise No. 6 in A flat, Op. 53; Mazurkas Nos. 2 in C sharp minor, Op. 6, No. 2, 31 in A flat, Op. 50, No. 2, and 32 in C sharp minor, Op. 50, No. 3; Nocturnes Nos. 5 in F sharp, Op. 15, No. 2, 8 in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2, and 17 in B, Op. 62, No. 1;* Charles Rosen (piano). Epic LC-3709, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1090, \$5.98.

(Ballade) Rubinstein.....RCA Victor LM LSC-2360
(Scherzo) Rubinstein.....RCA Victor LM LSC-2368
(Polonaise) Rubinstein.....RCA Victor LM-1205
Horowitz.....RCA Victor LM-1137
(Mazurkas) Rubinstein.....RCA Victor LM-6109
(Nocturnes) Rubinstein.....RCA Victor LM-6005
Lipatti (No. 8).....Columbia ML-4721
Schein (No. 8).....Kapp 6001, 6001-S

§ ROSEN, for all of his impressive technique, plays this collection with what seems to me to be little insight into the

Chopin style. He has some interesting interpretive ideas, to be sure, but with the possible exception of some of the nocturnes his approach is based mostly on digital dexterity and intellect rather than on warmth, grace, and personal identification with the music. This is unfortunately quite typical of the twentieth-century approach to Chopin—a Hindemith or Berg sonata would profit much more from this attitude. The sound of the piano is good.

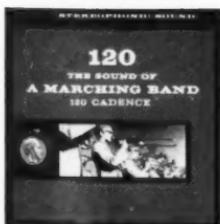
—I.K.

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DEBUSSY: *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian (Le Martyre de St. Sébastien);* Vera Zorina (narrator); Hilde Gueden (soprano); Ethelwyn Whitmore and Natalie Moeckel (mezzo-sopranos); Philadelphia Orchestra Chorus and Musical Art Society of Camden; Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia set M2L-266, four sides, \$9.96, or Stereo M2S-609, \$11.96.
Ansermet, etc.....London A-4103, OSA-1104
Munch, etc.....RCA LM-2030

§ THIS magnificent score for d'Annunzio's "mystery", ten years ago virtually unknown in this country, now has three Schwann entries, with two additional recordings having been deleted. Of those currently listed, Ansermet entirely omits the spoken passages, Munch includes only those with musical accompaniment, and the new Ormandy gives us nearly the whole two-hour "concert version", i.e., the music plus a goodly dose of Sebastian's lines, both solo and accompanied. My earlier preference for Ansermet (over Munch) was based not only on its superior musical virtues, but also on the fact that we were spared the sludgy text. Debussy's music is well, even better, able to exist independently of the drama for which it was intended.

As compared to this latest version, Munch's seems painless in that if enough patience is available, the music can be dug out from behind the speech. But the necessity for doing that was done away with by Ansermet's splendid performance. Ormandy presents us with nearly as much unaccompanied text as accompanied plus straight music (the words for the sung sections do not bother me, although they



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are of the same quality as the rest, for here Debussy reigns supreme). In regard to this text, then, Ormandy presents us with much too much of a not particularly good thing. (If memory serves, Ormandy's job duplicates in content that by Ingelbrecht which was briefly available in this country on Ducretet-Thomson 93040/41.) It is difficult to give an objective evaluation of Vera Zorina's lengthy part as Sebastian. Her voice is appealing and she is obviously very earnest about what she is doing. But the lines she must speak seem (to me) hopelessly dated in A.D. 1960.

Ormandy's conducting fails, for much of the time, to bring to life Debussy's misty, sensuous music. Like Ansermet, he understates. The Swiss conductor, however, is saving you for the climaxes, which are absolutely thrilling. Ormandy seems to meander rather aimlessly (a killing procedure in Debussy) and the big climaxes never arrive. A revealing look at the methods of these two noted conductors is given in the marvelous opening of the door of the magic chamber at the end of Act II. Ansermet builds, very slowly, softly, with the most subtle rolling crescendo to a brilliant vision of enchantment. Ormandy, too, builds slowly, but he builds to nothing. The sound of Ormandy's orchestra is superb, but the conductor's reluctance to let any sort of drama unfold is continually in evidence. Instead of his usual slickness and lusciousness, we find here a flat calm.

Ormandy's chorus sings well, but without the smoothness of Ansermet's fine Union Chorale de La Tour-de-Peilz, which boasts a particularly strong tenor section. It is, however, the conductor and his conception of the music which makes the choral singing superior on the London release. Ansermet's soloists are excellent, with Danco giving one of her best recorded performances. But here Ormandy's recording, for a few brief moments is the better of the two. Hilde Gueden's singing on this new release is ravishing, even more beautiful than Danco's, and very sexy in that unique, utterly convincing way of hers. Her slight unsteadiness in the top register is no detriment to her unforgettable projection of Debussy's languid, mysterious

melodies. Ormandy's mezzos are adequate, but it is in their finest music, the first few minutes of the score, that Ormandy's interpretative failings show so clearly that one can hardly be impressed by the soloists' work.

Still, my chief complaint is all that talk. I think that anyone with an even moderate familiarity with the music will feel as I do, and be happier with the Ansermet recording. The sound on this new version is exceedingly clear, especially in stereo, with admirable spread and depth to the chorus; but both versions show considerable tape hiss and (I do not know whether this is the fault of the engineers or the speaker) Zorina's sibilants are also very hissy, more markedly in the mono. —H.G. *

DIAMOND: *Symphony No. 4*; **AVSHALOMOV:** *Sinfonietta*; New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein (in the Diamond); Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jacob Avshalomov, Columbia ML-5412, \$4.98.

▲IN my opinion David Diamond has written a first-rate symphony, and Bernstein's performance has done the score full justice. Diamond's reputation is secure—his music is not for the Tchaikovskyian market place, but he remains a solid figure in American music. Few composers are so extremely self-critical. All to the good when the results are so evident in the incidental music for *Romeo and Juliet*, the fervent *Psalm* for orchestra; the B minor Quintet, and this symphony. Diamond's music is without floridity; the earthiness of diatonicism marks that refinement, for he is a composer devoted to classicism in the large sense, with perceptive sensitivity and regard for the progress of harmonies. Only a pedant would object to his chordal garnishes. The orchestration is derived from the Mahler school, dusted with the touch of the neoclassic Stravinsky. All the structures of the three movements are refurbished and furnished with plentiful color, without sacrificing the matter of stabilization. This is good music.

Avshalomov's small-sized symphony retains the objectives of symphonic form, but reduces these to their most essential pro-



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mulgation; hence the title. A mild encrustment of dissonance flavors the inherent romantic lushness of this composer's writing. It is evident throughout, especially in the first two movements; the second of these has a superb feel for orchestral color secrets. Avshalomov was raised in

China and this influence is apparent slightly in the first two-thirds of his composition; it is deliberately exposed in the finale, which turns out to be the weakest. There is altogether an overabundance of Oriental consequences here, and it tends to weight down the music.

—A.C.

The Unpredictability of Morton Feldman

By ARTHUR COHN

THE SEEKING for the meaning of existence is as old as man himself. I begin with this statement because Morton Feldman's music presumably is concerned with metaphysical premises (so the liner notes inform us). But how reach this way of thought when the music itself is a long series (non serial!) of clichés, of warmed-over leftovers from the gastronomical shop of Anton Webern. Unlike Hegel, charged by his enemies with having an overcharged imagination (would that our experimentors be so guilty), Feldman's imagination is smugly dull. We need not wallow with passionate smugness in a wealth of sonorous imagination to consider music worthwhile. We need more than the resolute labors of dragging out little sound skeletons from the laboratory closets, packaging these in metaphysical cellophane, and

labeling them as music which "exists without references outside itself." It seems to me that one can no more listen to music, look at a painting, read a book, or do anything else in this atomically-breezed world without references to something or another. The mere fact that Feldman wishes outside references canceled catches him with his references showing. Let's examine them.

With Webern (damn these outside references! and forgive me for using them, Mr. Feldman) music existed in terms of the minutest material, stated within the most forceful dynamic concentration. His music was alike an abstraction of a short story, which, in turn, mostly consisted of punctuation signs, and furthermore had only a few of these. In parallel cases a sonnet would be expressed by a word, a canvas by some dots, a play world be seen



New Directions in Music 2 / Morton Feldman

Extensions 1 for Violin and Piano; Structures for String Quartet; Projection 4 for Violin and Piano; Extensions 4 for Three Pianos; Intercession 3 for Piano; Two Pieces for Two Pianos; Three Pieces for String Quartet; Piece for Four Pianos; David Tudor, Russell Sherman, Edwin Hymovitz (pianos); Matthew Raimondi, Joseph Rabushka (violins); Walter Trampler (viola); Seymour Barab (cello). Columbia ML-5403, \$4.98.

through a gauze curtain and the actors would whisper and thus further negate strength. But the negation is Webern's affirmation. Extend this principle into large temporal spans and the precise order becomes a disorder. Feldman's jagged jockeying of sounds in sounds tossed from the infield to the outfield sacrifices the intent he has and causes all the errors.

This Webernian method of epitomization moves his music in terms of seconds and split seconds. A line of two isolated sounds moving against each other in the span of two measures represents the sum and substance of twenty; two polychromatic colors equal the entire spectrum; an entire sonata length is registered in a piece of twenty measures. When Webern realized that he had stretched his technique to such a point that it was exhausted he turned to variation via dodecaphony for the necessary operating tools. Twelve-tone technique gave him the means to shape his ideas without repetition and without the looseness that would denote athematic freedom. What Feldman is trying to do is to prove Webern wrong. And he does not.

The range of intensity of music with a feeling of the darkness of super outer space eats up concentration and we can only withstand such artistic pressure for a limited period of time. Feldman's constancy is slow-motion phlegmatism. He enlarges a synthesis and it deteriorates accordingly. There's nothing complicated in his music; the complications are the usual theoretical summation after the musical facts. But imitation is the greatest of all flattery, and listening to Feldman's pieces one runs immediately to the foothills of knowledge to be found in Webern's opera.

Thus far I have been speaking of the music notated in the traditional manner. Two of the works introduce the system of graph music. Description: "the range of a given passage and its temporal area and division are indicated, but the actual notes . . . come from the performer's response to the musical situation." In this system the type of sound, and the relative pitch (high, middle, and low) are graphed. Duration is approximated by the cross-section paper. Now, this is nothing more than improvisation, constrained and

framed. What reaction the player will have will depend on a peculiar dead end that Feldman has made for himself. It will mean that players with long experience in the music of the twelve-tone school will make his music sound just like that and players that are born to the tonal velvet will make a veritable burlesque of their sounds. Mind you, Feldman wants to *avoid* the twelve-tone technique. Well, you can lead performers to graph paper but you can't make 'em forget the only sounds they can play: the assorted twelve—bless and curse them as you will. Oh yes, "unpredictability." Let's call a "psade" a spade. How predictable is the *piano* indication? Can anyone define a *ritard* or *rubato* beyond the experience of the performer, or how involved he is at the moment, based on his understanding of the piece concerned? All this guiding of the player yet depending on the matter of unpredictability can lead to not only irrationality but to lawsuits. I remember a passage in a Cage piece where one could play whatever he wished provided the gamut moved from extremely low to high. The clarinetist could only conjure the opening liquefied run of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. Enough of this and copyright suits would fill the courts.

If we are to have improvisation, it's senseless to organize it in such a fashion as Feldman does so that, by and large, the results are the same minus graph paper, minus symbols, minus the metaphysical climate of thought. If we are to have improvisation let's try the statement of a theme, or a tone row, and then let the musicians have a go at it. No crutches, no inventory of arcs, circles, squares, or pictorial prejudice—let them prove their worth. It would probably surprise the "composer" with its honest-to-goodness unpredictability.

Possibly my ears are just as unpredictable, but I could not ascertain how a work for four pianos could be played by only three performers—unless a name is missing from the liner and record label, or if one player uses two instruments (one prepared in some way or not?). I cannot congratulate the performers here because their playing was unpredictable.

GRIGNY: *Organ Music of the French Baroque*; Robert Lodine (organ of the Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago). Tone 2LP, \$4.98.

▲THIS collection of organ music by Nicolas de Grigny (1671-1703) is extremely valuable, because until now this important composer has been represented with shockingly little in the catalogues, either on 78 r.p.m. or LP. Included here is the complete five-section *Kyrie* and the fourth and fifth versets of the *Gloria* from Grigny's only organ mass; the second side is made up of hymns and versets on these hymns: *Veni Creator, en taille à 5*, its third verset, *Duo*, and its fifth, *Dialogue sur les Grands Jeux*; the third verset on *Pange Lingua*, *Récit du Chant de l'Hymne précédent*; the fourth verset on *Verbum Supernum, Récit de Basse de Trompe*; a *Duo*, the third verset on *Ave Maris Stella*; the first verset on *A Solis Ortus*; and finally the *Point*

d'Orgue sur les grands Jeux, a most impressive piece which concludes the *Premier Livre d'Orgue*, Grigny's only published work (1699), from which all the above was taken. Grigny, who died when he was only thirty-one, studied with Lebègue and was organist after his father at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Reims. The *Dialogue sur les Grands Jeux* from the *Kyrie* of the mass was recently included in a collection of keyboard music of the French court played by Paul Maynard and released by American Society Concerts-in-the-Home (AS-1006), but aside from this the present record is the only one to my knowledge containing Grigny on the organ. The performance by Robert Lodine on a classical style organ (rebuilt by M. P. Moller in 1956) is very impressive for his stylistic knowledge and musicianship. The recording, except for distortion in louder passages, is satisfactory. —I.K.

Replacing a celebrated *Rhapsody in Blue*

GERSHWIN: *Rhapsody in Blue; An American in Paris*; Jesús María Sanromá (piano in *Rhapsody in Blue*), Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg. Everest LPBR-6067 or Stereo SDBR-3067, \$4.98.

Gould RCA Victor LM-6033
Nibley Westminster 18687, (S)14002
Levant Columbia CL-700
Bernstein Columbia ML-5413, MS-6091
(*Rhapsody*)

Sanromá Camden 304
(*American*)

Toscanini RCA Victor LM-9020

§SANROMA has always been acclaimed for his *Rhapsody in Blue*, and his celebrated recording with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops is still available in the catalogues. The new recording is, of course, much superior in sound (although the balance is too much in favor of the piano, and the orchestra does not have the feeling of depth that is evident in Everest's European-made discs). The pianist plays with his customary brilliance, though the orchestral performance is generally not so much jazzy as overly effervescent and there are a number of actual additions (such as glissandi just before number nine in the score) and departures in terms of stretching tempi which to my taste lend

little to the music. On the whole, however, this is a dynamic performance which should please almost anyone. The *American in Paris* is extroverted but a little foursquare, being neither as free in the jazz sense as Bernstein's version nor as dynamically controlled as Toscanini's controversial reading. —I.K.

GROFFÉ: *Grand Canyon Suite; Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*; Jesús María Sanromá (piano, in Concerto); Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ferde Grofé. Everest LPBR-6044 or Stereo SDBR-3044, \$4.98.

(*Grand Canyon Suite*)
Toscanini RCA Victor LM-1004
Fiedler RCA Victor LM-1928
Ormandy Columbia ML-5286, MS-6003
Gould RCA Victor LM-LSC-2433

§IT is, of course, interesting to have the composer's own performance (Grofé also recorded the *Grand Canyon Suite* for Capitol), but in this case I think that other interpretations do more justice to the suite than this one. This is due primarily to recording techniques, for here the orchestra, contrary to Everest's usually magnificent orchestral sound, is surprisingly shallow, with the result that the lack of

depth affects the atmosphere, so important to music such as this. What we hear, then, is a well conducted and well played reading in which the necessary mood is almost totally lacking. The effect is almost that of a film studio recording.

It is a pleasure to hear Sanromá on records again, but one might wish that repertoire other than this piece (which incidentally was dedicated to Sanromá, and, I suppose, should have been played by him) had been given to this superior artist. The concerto, made up of one movement, was, according to the notes, written very recently, and it is a hodge-podge of Liszt, MacDowell, and movie music. As such, it is effective, but in spite of Sanromá's exciting pianism the score is not very monumental. It may, however, have a great popular appeal. —I.K.

J. R. JONES: *Symphony No. 1*, ("Southern Scenes"); *Prelude to Night*; Philharmonia Orchestra of Hamburg conducted by the composer. Mansion Records MR-1300-A-B, \$4.98.

▲BACK in the days of silent movies the publishers' catalogues were crammed with such works as White's *Bandana Sketches*, Elie's simulated Haitian music, Hadley's *Silhouettes*, and hundreds of like character. These pieces served well for musical clips to the feature film. Today such music has little value. Light stuff is turned out in great quantity, but except for "mood music" it must make its points quickly and in a three-to-five-minute span. The long symphony or suite that finds its roots in the school of Grofé is just a dead duck. J. Randolph Jones composes in this strictly light manner, no matter the pretensions to a "symphony" in "D flat major." The symphonic element is not intensely active; the fantasy-potpourri element is very much so. Oh yes, it's programmatic—all about the cotton patches and the *Gone With the Wind* tradition. One thing reminds of another: this is made-to-order movie music. The other piece storms its way to a climax midway; otherwise it is also a lightweight composition, with no boiling point. I'm for Chaminade—at least she makes no pretense about being a mid-Victorian.

—A.C.

KHACHATURIAN: *Gayne—Ballet Suite*; *Masquerade Suite*; **KABALEVSKY:** *The Comedians*; Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alfred Newman. Capitol Stereo SP-8503, \$5.98.

§NEWMAN gives us performances which are Hollywoodish in their flamboyance. The mood is unrelentingly brittle and boisterous; much of the humor in the *Galop* of the *Masquerade Suite*, to cite one specific example, is buried under the rather 'mechanical virtuosity' Capitol's amazingly sharp, close-in engineering—very tape-like—combines with this flashy music-making to create a sonic effect which is quite awe-inspiring. —P.C.P.

The Virtuoso Liszt; Gary Graffman (piano). RCA Victor LM-2443, \$4.98, and or Stereo LSC-2443, \$5.98.

(Paganini Etudes)
Brendel.....Vox PL-10800
§IN addition to the six *Paganini Études*, contained on side 2, Gary Graffman plays the third *Liebestraum*, *Un Sospiro*, the *Hungarian Rhapsody No. II*, *Il Penseroso* (from the *Années de Pèlerinage, Italie*), and the *Consolation No. 3*. It is a highly impressive recital both technically and musically, and I can give no stronger recommendation than to suggest that the prospective purchaser listen to the eleventh *Hungarian Rhapsody*, a work which somehow sounds like better music than it is under Graffman's skillful fingers. The piano sound is exceptionally clean. —I.K.

LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*; *Mazeppa* (Symphonic Poem No. 6); *Les Préludes* (Symphonic Poem No. 3); *Rakóczy March*; Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor LM-2442, \$4.98, and Stereo LSC-2442, \$5.98.

(Rhapsody No. 2) Silvestri.....Angel 35677, S-35677
Ormandy.....Columbia ML-5299, MS-6018
(*Les Préludes*) Silvestri.....Angel 35636, S-35636
Von Karajan.....Angel 35613, S-35613

§ADDED to the expected inclusion in such a collection as this of the second *Hungarian Rhapsody* and *Les Préludes* are the bombastic but less often heard *Mazeppa* and a unique surprise: the *Rakóczy March* in Liszt's own arrangement! The latter

turns out to be a slightly longer reworking of the piano arrangement (Rhapsody No. 15), not nearly so skillfully compact as the Berlioz but nevertheless of great interest, especially since this seems to be, as far as I have been able to trace the first recording. The performances throughout are first-rate, the sound is superior, and my only negative comment is that I wish Fiedler had utilized the more authentic Liszt-Doppler orchestration of the *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2* rather than the unidentified one (Müller-Berghaus, etc.?) heard here.

—I.K.



OVERTON: *Second String Quartet*; **LADERMAN:** *String Quartet*; The Beaux-Arts String Quartet. Composers Recordings CRI-126, \$4.98.

▲ IN the technical equipment of today's composer dissonance is not merely an ingenious trick. Discrimination must apply to the use of harmonic frictions within a design where the principal concern is one of differing tensions. While intolerance of so-called dissonance is out of fashion, it is just as reactionary for a composer to use

tight, colliding harmonies and/or counterpoints and employ them with melodic lines that don't fit precisely. Ezra Laderman's writing is stinging, contains an invigorating rhythmic life that moistens and deters any dry-as-dust quartet writing. However, the battle of tonal and non-tonal elements is not resolved and the arguments therefore make the style unclear. Above all, Laderman handles the string quartet as a medium of virtuosity, and this brings volatile excitement. The performance here is indeed a red-blooded affair.

Hall Overton's two-movement work is pleasing, but greatly influenced by eclectic tenets from the land of Béla Bartók. The virtue is the clear representation; the fault is that we would rather hear the original. The pizzicato section was born in Bartók's Fourth Quartet and the line writing can be found in the Third Quartet. This is not an outrageously contemporary work, so that those who like "modern" music will find it just a bit stuffy.

Our composers of today are learned gentlemen—they know what to import.

—A.C.

Bernstein's first Mahler recording

HERE IS another perfectly delightful Mahler Fourth, in mono and stereo, to put beside Reiner's. The cover reads: "Commemorating the 100th Anniversary of Mahler's birth and the 50th Anniversary of his first season as Music Director of the New York Philharmonic—SYMPHONY NO. 4 in G MAJOR composed by GUSTAV MAHLER, Music Director 1910-1911 of the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, under the direction of LEONARD BERNSTEIN, Music

Director 1958—." I trust that Bernstein is not overly superstitious, as Mahler was, because Mahler finally burned himself out in his battles with his New York board of directors, and died before the second season had ended. But Bernstein seems to have plenty of fire left, for all the Mahleresque pressures he exerts on his own life. Moreover, this is his adopted city, his home in the sense that Mahler never had one, and perhaps he feels he is repaying something of New York's enormous debt to that harrowed genius, who went there from Vienna hoping to find a more tolerant musical world than the one he had finally given up. In such a dedicated performance as this, I believe that he does so.

Despite Bernstein's long advocacy of Mahler's works, this is actually the first to be recorded by him, perhaps owing to

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G*; Reri Grist (soprano), New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML-5485, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6152, \$5.98.

Halban, Walter, N. Y. Phil.....Columbia 4031
Stich-Randall, Otterloo, Hague.....Epic 3304
Schlemm, Ludwig, Saxon State.....Decca 9944
Loose, Kletzki, Philharmonia.....Angel 35570
Della Casa, Reiner, Chicago.....RCA 2364

the fact that he records for the same company as Bruno Walter. In this Fourth Symphony he follows closely after Walter's tempos for the most part, and even seems sometimes to be using Walter's annotations, as when he suddenly speeds up at six bars before 23 in the coda of the first movement, a thing which nobody else does, and which is not in the score. But Bernstein has an excellent sense of timing for Mahler which *no* score could give him; e.g., the suppressed excitement in his holding-back before the stringendo at the conclusion of this movement, which gives it a tremendous élan. His mind is mercurial, and in rehearsals he most frequently stops to admonish players whose minds tend to move less swiftly than Mahler's. "You'll have to watch those markings or we'll never get through this *Scherzo*," he insists long after most conductors would have given up and ploughed through. He knows just how to talk to these musicians, too, and often achieves the best results by talking as if they were one of his audiences of children.

In the first movement, he sums up the desired effect of Mahler's exaggerated satirical gestures in rococo surroundings by calling it "a classical sonata played by a crazy person". There is something of the child in Bernstein, as in Mahler.

The opening, then, is in the somewhat slower tempo favored by Walter and by most conductors, and Bernstein's expert molding of the movement effects a most persuasive projection of that view, though I for one fancy still the sprightlier entrance of Reiner and Van Beinum. The direction, perhaps a bit misleadingly in view of the flowing figurative detail, is "very leisurely", and the popular view is that the staccato eight-to-a-bar wind chords should tick at about the same rate as those of Beethoven's "metronome" *Allegretto*. After the development, when the *Tempo primo* humorously returns in the *middle* of the theme instead of the beginning, Bernstein characterizes the effect as like "taking a deep breath of fresh air" after the nightmarish working-up. This should sufficiently distinguish his view of the theme from that of Tovey, for example, who stresses its utter non-



Reri Grist

chalance, especially on its return, "as if the theme, after having travelled round the world, were to walk in to breakfast unannounced, remarking, 'As I was saying . . .'" There is a tongue-in-cheek quality there that I like for this particular theme. Perhaps it is only a question of whether this Mahlerite rococo is closer to the Straussian or Stravinskyan rococo. If so, I lean toward Stravinsky in this case—or at any rate to the view currently propounded by Reiner—as most aiding and abetting the humor of the thing. This is really one of the funniest as well as most beautiful of symphonic movements; the important point is that the main theme should swing, as Tovey says, "into G major with the gallantry of a rustic who has been to town."

The close race between Reiner and Bernstein continues to the end, with quite different virtues. In the C minor *Scherzo*, Bernstein is altogether more ferociously satirical than his colleagues, as one anticipates from the very first biting inflection of the solo horn. (Too bad the instrument isn't reproduced as penetratingly as RCA's.) This sets him quite apart from Walter especially. His main tempo is again slower than Reiner's, and John Corigliano's tuned-up solo fiddle (*scordatura*) is scratchier at the bottom and squeakier at the top. In fact Bernstein runs the full gamut from sourness to sweetnes, for in the schmaltzy

D major passage (cue 11, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way through) he does not minimize or shun the *wienerisch* glissandos in the high violins. These glissando signs are there to indicate no mere portamento, as most conductors assume. It has always seemed to me a slight limitation in Dr. Walter's approach that he tends to accept and to present as quite normal and unexceptional the old-fashioned *gemütlieh* qualities which I believe Mahler was often satirizing to the hilt. Walter understands very well the parody of a "Huntsman's Burial", but that rather jaundiced view of *alt Wien* is something else. Thus an English critic who some years ago characterized the behavior of the violins in one Mahler Fourth presentation as "unpleasantly slithery" was probably paying it an unintended compliment. This one movement I recommend only by Bernstein.

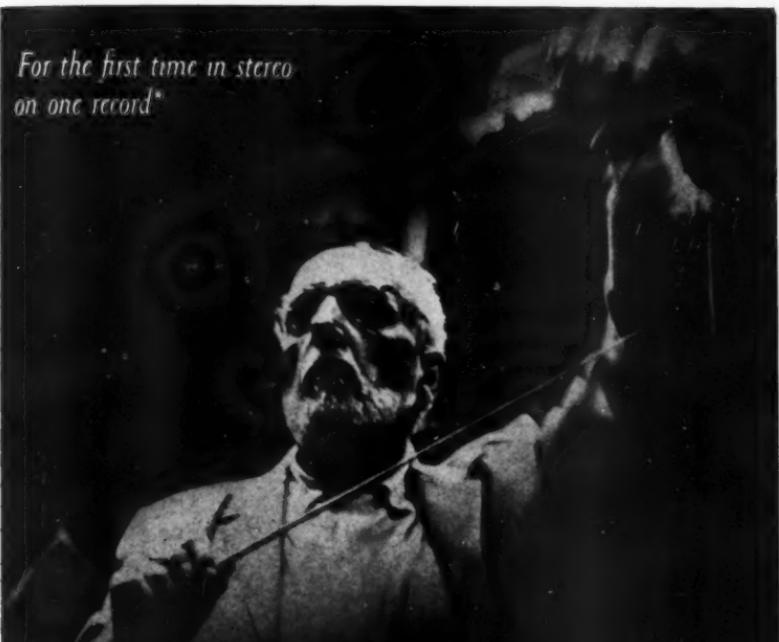
In the *Adagio*, I have long felt that the peaceful opening and all the startling dramatic contrasts were shaped with greatest insight and finesse in Van Beinum's version (out of print here). Bernstein and Reiner both come fairly close to it, except that Reiner might have broadened out a little more for the *sehr zart und innig* coda, as Bernstein does. Reiner has a lighter touch in the central variations, especially the first *Allegretto grazioso*, and is rather less involved with the grieving and passionate sections. In the song-finale, Reri Grist's voice has a modicum of the earthy quality of Van Beinum's Margaret Ritchie in the lower register, floating effortlessly into the heights when required. Her interpretation is a worthy climax to the Bernstein performance, and somebody at Columbia should be severely scolded for omitting her name from the album cover. The likewise anonymous cover design is aptly humorous, using evocative 19th-century trading-card cutouts in the sort of collage effect originated by Ad Reinhardt and others, and without the cheap, cluttered look of so many of the present cover compositions. The extra literature included on "Mahler in America" is also very welcome, in itself; but historical background detail becomes a trifle precious when today's young contributing artist is carelessly overlooked.

The stereo sound is extraordinarily impressive on both RCA and Columbia, rather muddy by comparison on Angel, in Kletzki's quite superseded rendition. The unusually active horns of this symphony achieve most clarity within the texture on RCA, as I hinted earlier, and in fact both the first horn and first trumpet are often more soloistic in effect. Here too, the lower strings are so placed and caught that they have a warmer spread (*Cf.* nine bars after cue 3 in the *Adagio*). RCA's pizzicato basses almost get lost, however, in their important solo bars before the E major outburst; Angel's are virtually lost throughout the *Adagio*. Mahler was much concerned about the penetration of a counterpoint for the low oboes at four bars after 7, and in his unpublished and unplayed final revision of the score he reluctantly added muted trumpets. Whether by accident or design, Columbia brings out this deep oboe sound beautifully without reinforcement. In the finale, the celebrated bleating of the lamb and bellowing of the oxen (same figure, high oboe then low horn) come out best on RCA, while Columbia carries the honors for the soft, reverberating spread of the low harp and basses at the very end. As with the interpretations themselves, one hears different felicities emerging from the RCA and Columbia reproductions throughout, especially the percussive detail, so that one would like somehow to put one on top of the other. I think that both deserve top prizes in any current stereo league. —J.D.

•
MOZART: *Symphonies Nos. 6 in F, K. 43; 7 in D, K. 45; 8 in D, K. 48; 9 in C, K. 73;* Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Westminster XWN-18862, \$4.98.

▲THE most amazing thing about this collection of four symphonies is the remarkable quality of the music, considering that it came from the pen of a young man who was passing from his eleventh through his fifteenth birthdays. These works may not compare with the later Mozart of the "Haffner", "Prague", or "Jupiter" Symphonies, but they are none the less re-

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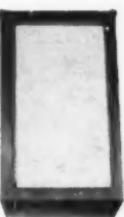
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cognizable as Mozart. The performances are very spirited, although sometimes more fast than lyrical. But since these are the only currently available recordings this is on the whole a highly worth-while disc. The sound of the orchestra, which is agreeably small, is a little shrill without a top cut.

—I.K.

MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition; A Night on Bald Mountain;* London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Everest 6053 or Stereo 3053, \$4.98.

(*Pictures*)
 Toscanini RCA Victor LM-1838
(Night on Bald Mountain)
 Giulini Angel 35463
 Reiner RCA Victor LM-2423
 Stokowski RCA Victor LM-1816

§THE outstanding feature of this recording is its wide range and unusual clarity of sound. Seldom if ever has an orchestra been captured on discs with such stunning results, especially in the brasses. The performance of both the *Pictures* and the *Night on Bald Mountain* are perfectly adequate without in any way being truly distinguished; there is nothing really electrifying about either interpretation, but combined with the quality of reproduction this disc should make many an audiophile very happy indeed. —I.K.

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 5, Op. 100;* Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Epic LC-3688, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1079, \$5.98.

Ormandy Columbia ML-5260, MS-6004
 Schippers Angel 35527, S-35527

§SZELL'S performance of this great symphony is absolutely magnificent. He takes the first movement at a faster tempo than is usually heard but with an enormous control over its line. Virtuosity is the keynote for the entire interpretation: the scherzo is enormously exciting, the *Adagio* becomes a real drama in its passionate intensity, and the finale is an absolute whiplash. The orchestra responds sensationally, a remarkable tribute to its conductor. The sound is very transparent, but there is a certain degree of tape hiss as well as some shrillness which is a detriment without the highs being rolled off. Altogether, however, this is a disc which must be very highly recommended.

—I.K.

PROKOFIEV: *Peter and the Wolf*;

KHACHATURIAN: *Masquerade Suite*; José Ferrer (narrator, in *Peter and the Wolf*); Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens. Kapp 6002, \$4.98, or Stereo 6002-S, \$5.98.

(*Peter and the Wolf*)
Flanders, Kurtz.....Capitol G/SG-7211
Hale, Koussevitzky.....Camden 101
Ritchard, Ormandy...Columbia ML-5183, MS-6027
(*Masquerade Suite*)

Khachaturian.....Angel 35277
Kondrashin.....RCA Victor LM LSC-2398

§FERRER reads *Peter and the Wolf* in a very easygoing manner without affectation or any degree of characterization, almost as though narrating it to his own children. This technique, although less colorful than some other recordings, is nevertheless quite inoffensive and should be very attractive to youngsters. Goossens provides a highly sensitive and animated orchestral narration, one of the very best among all the recorded versions of *Peter and the Wolf*, and on the second side he offers a perfectly delightful performance of the popular *Masquerade Suite*. The sound is excellent, and the record will give much pleasure to listeners young or old. —I.K.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Scheherazade*, Op. 35; Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. RCA Victor LM-2446, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2446, \$5.98.

Beecham.....Angel 35505, S-35505
Monteux.....RCA Victor LM LSC-2208

§FROM every point of view—the rich, full sound, the impeccable playing of the orchestra, the remarkable interpretation—this is an outstanding recording. Reiner, as Beecham did in his recording, has transformed this often routine, practically stale score into a musical experience: one hears the work as though for the first time. It is a performance which combines warmth, delicacy, and lushness with brilliance, and it is for me completely satisfying. The work of the orchestra, especially its concertmaster, Sidney Harth, whose pure violin tone seems ideally suited to *Scheherazade*, must be commended along with the engineers, who have captured the large ensemble with exceptional clarity and without undue exaggeration in the splendid stereo version. —I.K.

RODRIGO: *Concierto de Aranjuez* (arr. Evans); Miles Davis (trumpet); Gil Evans Orchestra. Columbia CL-1480, \$3.98. (See page 179.)

SCARLATTI, A.: *Stabat Mater*; Rosanna Giancola (soprano), Miti Truccato-Pace (Contralto), Orchestra of the Scuola Veneziana conducted by Angelo Ephrikan. Lyricord LL-88, \$4.98.

▲MOST of the recent releases by Lyricord are not original issues, but reissues of recordings formerly on other labels and now deleted. While it may seem strange for a company to make its way on the leavings of others, we can hardly afford to criticize, for it is we who stand to gain, for much of this material deserves to remain available. Amid the hundreds of deletions which collectors must lament, these reissues are perhaps only a drop in the bucket, but the sentiment that "every little bit helps" certainly applies here. While not an especially brilliant record, this particular disc is a reasonable illustration. It enjoyed a brief life as Vox PL-7970 (hence the somewhat unexpected plug for another Vox record embedded in the notes) and has long been out of the catalogue, but it is definitely worth having around again. David Randolph's zealous jacket notes go to great lengths to show how Alessandro Scarlatti's setting of this famous text anticipates in form and detail the more popular one by Pergolesi. To be sure, there is truth in this point, though one should understand it as indicating that Pergolesi's setting was conceived in a long-established tradition rather than that it slavishly imitated Scarlatti's earlier one specifically. Certainly the texture of Scarlatti's work resembles that of Pergolesi's: soprano and contralto soli with strings, alternating in soloarias interspersed with duets. Actually Scarlatti's divisions of the text are more numerous than Pergolesi's, every semi-stanza of three lines, with two exceptions, being treated as a separate section. This makes for greater variety (and length), but it also hinders the more substantial development and elaboration which Pergolesi was able to achieve, even though his work is the briefer. As to any comparison of the quality of the two



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settings, this ought to wait until Scarlatti's case is better argued. His music requires delicacy and sensitivity on the part of the singers, and these two have little such ability, nor is their enunciation very clear. Moreover, the sound has a rather deadish quality. But until a better presentation of the work appears—and who can say how long that will be?—we are obliged to Lyrichord for restoring this one to us.

—J.W.B.

SCHUBERT: *Wanderer Fantasy, Op. 15;*

SCHUBERT-LISZT: *Wanderer Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra*; Alfred Brendel (piano); Orchestra of the Wiener Volksoper conducted by Michael Gielen. Stereovox STPL-511.610, \$5.95.

(Schubert)

Arrau Angel 35637
Graffman RCA Victor LM-2012
Shure Epic LC-3508

COMBINING both the original piano-solo version of this heroic and perhaps most

difficult of all of Schubert's works for keyboard with Liszt's well-intentioned but sometimes gross transcription of it as a piano concerto was an interesting and worth-while idea. Brendel, who has built a considerable reputation through his series of Liszt recordings on Vox, was an excellent choice to perform both works, and he has, in the main, captured the important elements of each composer's style: the Schubert is warm and impassioned, the Liszt more showy. If Brendel does not quite bring the Schubertian feeling to the original that we hear, for example, in Edwin Fischer's recording of the thirties, his is at least as good a performance if not better than any of the competing versions. The sound, regrettably, is less felicitous, the solo piano being far too reverberant; the orchestral playing and its reproduction are equally unappealing. Otherwise, a worthwhile disc.

—I.K.

From Fischer-Dieskau, treasurable Schubert

SCHUBERT: *Standchen; Alinde; Nähe des Geliebten; Normanns Gesang; In der Ferne; Aufenthalt; Lied des gefangenem Jägers; Greisengesang; Erlkönig; Nachstück.* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone); Gerald Moore (piano). Electrola E-90921.

SCHUBERT: *Der Sänger; Die Bürgschaft; Der Fischer; Die Einsamkeit.* Fischer-Dieskau; Karl Engel (piano). Electrola E-91023.

SCHUBERT: *Am Strom; Der Alpenjäger; Erlafsee; Wie Ulfru fischt; Tröst; Beim Winde; Auf der Donau; Abendstern; Liedesend; Sehnsucht; Aus Heliopolis II; Zum Punsche; Der Sieg; An die Freunde.* Fischer-Dieskau and Engel. Electrola E-91024. 85.98 each disc.

▲OF the six Schubert records made within the past three years by Fischer-Dieskau, three have been issued by Angel. The numbering is slightly confusing: Angel has issued Volumes 1, 2, and 4 of the Electrola set as Angel Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The discs listed here are actually Volumes 3, 5, and 6.

There are some treasurable unfamiliar songs here. E-91023 is devoted entirely to four of Schubert's early ballads, mostly long, sprawling songs interspersing recitatives and long lyric outpourings, wending their way through fanciful narrative texts by Goethe, Schiller, and Mayrhofer. The young composer's dramatic sense, still rough-cut, is nevertheless exhilarating. He sets off sharp turns in the narrative through sudden darts into unfamiliar keys, sudden complete changes of texture. The way is bumpy, but it is obvious that he is aiming high. There is already the genesis here of the attitude toward key-change that stops the breath in the C major Quintet. The latest of these ballads dates from 1818; Schubert lost interest in this kind of writing as he learned to refine and direct

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his expressive powers. E-91024 is devoted entirely to unfamiliar settings of poems by Mayrhofer. Schubert's closest friend and the poet who most strongly shaped his thinking. It is intriguing to think of the two young men in the room they shared, passing poems and songs back and forth across the table. These are mostly early songs, simple and stanzaic. *Der Alpenjäger* has some charming imitative conceits in the piano; *Aus Heliopolis* is a broad and expressive masterpiece. E-90921 is a more varied group, and most of the songs are better known. *Greisengesang* is an unfamiliar masterpiece, one of Schubert's few settings of Rückert, a great tragic outpouring. *Alinde* is one of the best of Schubert's love songs in the frankly sentimental vein, a vein fortunately explored very little by the composer. *Normanns Gesang* and the *Lied des gefangen Jägers* are from the superb group setting verses from Scott's "Lady of the Lake".

It would be foolish to assume that every one of these Fischer-Dieskau performances is a masterpiece of penetration, but a surprising number are. At his worst he is merely an intelligent singer with a glorious voice. At his best he is enormously moving, and I am most happy to note the developing sense of drama in his art from when I first heard him in 1953. The occasional mannerisms, particularly his predilection for crooning, seem to have disappeared. Every work is met on its own terms, and the impact of the current Fischer-Dieskau spirit with such a song as the Rellstab *In der Ferne* is overwhelming. Moreover, he has now found in his voice the tonal variety to sustain the interest in a twenty-minute ballad, and it seems to me that he makes all of those terribly long songs sound far better than they are. Gerald Moore's collaboration in the first disc needs no comment at this late date, but the young Karl Engel is scarcely less good. Recordings are superlative. No English texts, of course, but of some of the poetry the less said the better. —A.R.



NOTE: Electrola recordings are imported from Germany, but this catalogue is theoretically available through any dealer from the authorized American distributor.

SCHÜTZ: *Historia der Auferstehung Jesu Christi*; Helmut Krebs (tenor); Verena Gohl, Irmgard Dressler, Renate Krokisius (sopranos); Georg Jelden, Johannes Feyerabend, Otto Pingel, Hans Dieter Rodewald, Johannes Hoefflin (tenors); Klaus Ocker, Hans-Olaf Hudemann (basses); Johannes Koch, Josef Ulsamer, Jürgen Sartori, Heinrich Haferland (viole de gamba); Gunda Rathke, Hildburg Schroder, Wiltrud Kattanek (recorders); Edwin Koch (violoncello); Josef Lippert (double bass); Mathias Siedel (positive organ); Norddeutscher Singkreis, conducted by Gottfried Wolters. Deutsche Grammophon Archive Stereo ARC-73137, \$6.98.

⑧ THIS very lovely and infinitely moving account of the Resurrection is set mostly for solo voices, with the Evangelist carrying the major burden, always accompanied by viols. The words of Jesus, as well as those of other personages in the story, are sung by two or more soloists. Characteristically, the work opens and closes with the chorus, at the end the Evangelist singing *Victoria* while the other voices comment on the story. The performance given here is a particularly sensitive and well prepared one, leaving nothing to be desired either in proficiency or in expression. Krebs is one of the best Evangelists practicing today, whether in Bach or Schütz, and the other singers are excellent. The reproduction, utilizing the directional effects possible to stereo, enhances the fine performance. An earlier Mercury recording, now withdrawn, seemed splendid when it was new—especially on the part of the Evangelist—but it would hardly stand up to this more refined performance today. I note that the Mercury performance is sung a tone higher than this one. —P.L.M.

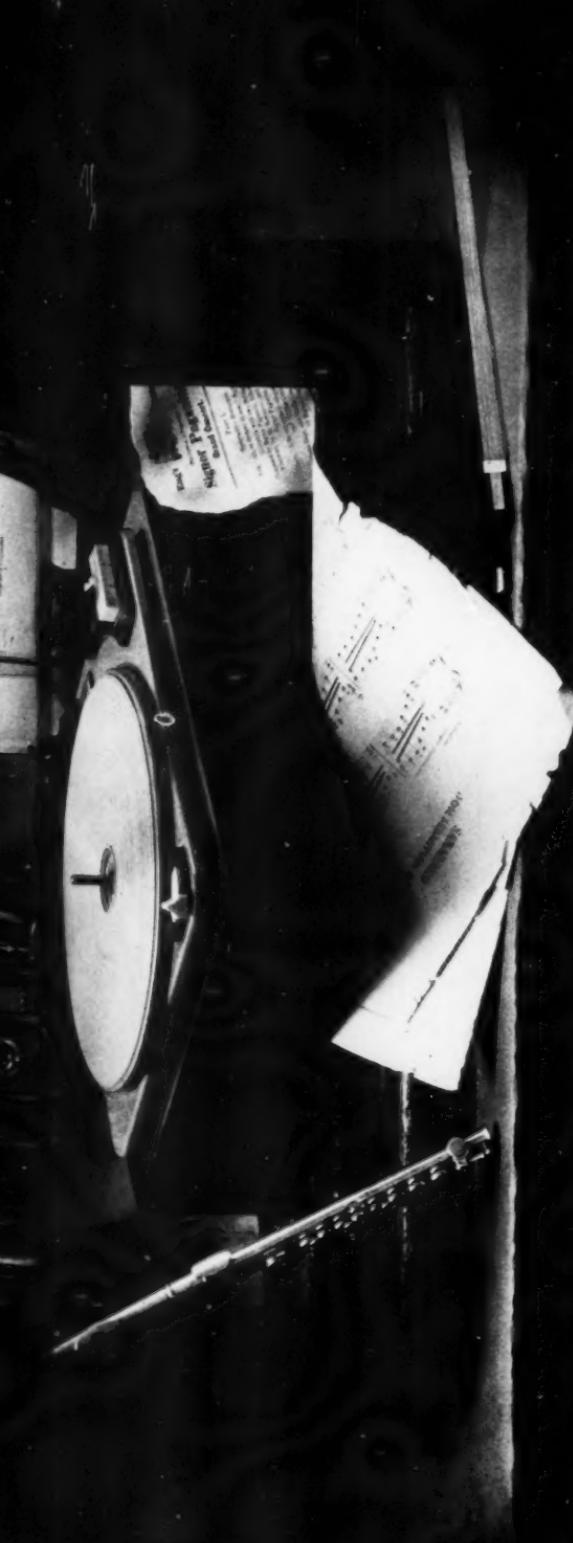
SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Rhenish"); Manfred Overture*; Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini. Angel Stereo S-35753, \$5.98.

⑧ IT is common knowledge that Schumann was a poor and struggling orchestrator. But it may not be so well known that most conductors habitually tinker with the

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instrumentation of almost every Schumann orchestral composition. The "Rhenish" Symphony, actually Schumann's last, is a lovely work in many respects, but it is, oddly enough, one of his worst in regard to clarity of line and color. As you would expect, it has been a particular inspiration for improvement to conductors. Among the most successful "touch-ups" of this music is one by Gustav Mahler, and it is his that Carlo Maria Giulini has chosen to record. It is a handsome piece of workmanship. Many normally obscure lines (especially in the winds) rise to the surface, and many of Schumann's massed colors are clarified without doing any violence to the spirit of the music. In Mahler's hands, the "Rhenish" remains dignified and spirited. The only possible loss is a pecu-

liar innocent charm which can be heard only in certain passages of the original. Giulini, the rising young Italian conductor, once again demonstrates his outstanding technique. He leads me to believe that he may possibly have no peers among conductors of his generation anywhere in the world today. He leads very strong performance both of the "Manfred" Overture and of the "Rhenish"—the best we have had in stereo—and the Philharmonia's response is hearty as well as disciplined. One may miss some of the tenderness Bruno Walter brought to the third movement, and the last movement may sacrifice too much light-hearted spirit for drive, but this performance is still an experience you shouldn't miss. The stereo sound is, unfortunately, only fair. —C.J.L.

A wonderfully realistic Shostakovich Ninth

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 9, Op. 70; PROKOFIEV:* *Lieutenant Kijé Suite, Op. 60;* London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Everest LPBR-6054 or Stereo SDBR-3054, \$4.98.

(Shostakovich)
Gauk Monitor 2015
(Prokofiev)

Leinsdorf Capitol P SP-8508
Reiner RCA Victor LM/LSC-2150

(s)THE Ninth Symphony of Shostakovich has been the subject of great controversy, not only in Russia, where it was attacked by the Agitation and Propaganda Committee a year after its première, but throughout the rest of the world. It is generally considered to be a light-hearted, carefree work, but it is also interesting to consider that the score as published is really the third attempt by the composer to write a symphony which he had originally intended to be for chorus, soloists, and orchestra. The final form of the work is humorous only in the first and fifth movements, and even here there is perhaps less humor and buffoonery than satire: viewed as a whole, the symphony reflects Shostakovich's interpretation of the spirit of man far more closely than Russia's cultural committee is wont to admit. The inner movements and especially the tragic *Largo* are an enormous contrast to the lighter

sections, but this is less paradox than part of the composer's over-all concept, which the Russian critics found so difficult either to understand or to explain. This attitude, together with an almost apologetic description of the symphony as a masterpiece which had nevertheless failed to reconcile its opposing elements, is most interestingly conveyed in a biography of the composer, printed in Moscow in 1959, by D. Rabinovich.

Sir Malcolm Sargent's approach is on the whole less obviously comic in the outer movements than we have been accustomed to hearing in a performance such as Serge Koussevitzky's, but this less witty attitude does not really seem to me to be any less valid. The grotesquerie is brought out very well indeed, and the paradoxical tragic element is carefully emphasized.

The light-hearted *Lieutenant Kijé Suite* is equally well played, but here a little more humor would have been welcome. Erich Leinsdorf's performance, with the *Romance* and *Troika* sung by a baritone, is both more authentic and more droll.

The sound of the orchestra on this Everest disc, however, is wonderfully realistic. Seldom has a symphonic ensemble been captured quite so effectively.

—I.K.



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An unfaded memento

▲SOME recordings never die, nor even fade away. An excellent example is this famous set, recorded in Vienna by HMV in 1933 and now reissued for the second time. From a technical point of view, I am happy to report, the present release is superior to its RCA predecessor of several years ago.

From the point of view of history, of course, this "*Rosenkavalier*" is important because there are three performances here which are definitive: Lehmann's Marschallin, Schumann's Sophie and Mayr's Ochs. There is not a Marschallin on records (or otherwise) who combines such warmth, such unaffected charm, such unsentimental philosophizing, and such heart-breaking renunciation (the latter because she never once feels sorry for herself) as Lehmann. And what a voice of golden velvet! Nor will you find a Sophie who combines the demure shyness of the convent-bred girl with the spunk of defiance that Schumann invests in the part; how enchantingly she "makes conversation" with Octavian; how forlornly she echoes the Marschallin's words in Act III: "The

R. STRAUSS: "*Der Rosenkavalier*" (abridged); Lotte Lehmann (The Marschallin), Richard Mayr (Baron Ochs), Maria Olszewska (Octavian), Elisabeth Schumann (Sophie), Victor Madin (Faninal), others, Chorus of the Vienna State Opera and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Robert Heger. Angel ("Great Recordings of the Century" Series) set GRB-4001, four sides, mono only, \$11.96.

Lotte Lehmann as The Marschallin; Richard Mayr as Ochs; Elisabeth Schumann as Sophie



whole thing was just a farce, and nothing more"; and how she sings those two fabulous phrases during the Presentation of the Rose: what crystal purity of voice, what silvery shimmer of timbre and, last but not least, what breath control! Although Mayr's voice in 1933 was not any longer what it once was, there still is not a "*Rosenkavalier*" recording which gives us an Ochs of such distinction. For Mayr's is a Baron whose presence in the Marschallin's private apartments is completely feasible; he's a fortune hunter but with decided charm, and although he's anything but a sterling character he's never boorish nor loathsome. And above all he is endowed with an immense sense of humor which, when the odds are against him, makes him a good loser. In pre-Risë Stevens days, Maria Olszewska was the best-known Octavian of the mezzos. Although to me her dark voice always seemed somewhat heavy and unwieldy for this role, it is easy to understand why she, rather than any number of sopranos of the day, was chosen to sing it in this recording, for her voice does form a contrast to the two sopranos. Although Robert Heger has certainly been surpassed as conductor in more recent "*Rosenkavalier*" recordings, both by Kleiber and Karajan, he and the Vienna Philharmonic do no disservice to the Strauss masterpiece.

Angel provides some excellent anecdotal and biographical material, divulging among other things that on this recording the Marschallin's very last words, "Ja, ja", actually were sung by Elisabeth Schumann for her absent friend and colleague, Lotte Lehmann.

—G.B.

VERDI: "Il Trovatore"; Leontyne Price (Leonora), Richard Tucker (Manrico), Leonard Warren (Conte di Luna), Rosalind Elias (Azucena), Giorgio Tozzi (Ferrando), Laura Londi (Inez), Mario Carlin (Ruiz), Leonardo Monreale (A Gypsy), Tommaso Frascati (A Messenger); Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Arturo Basile. RCA Victor set LM-6150, six sides, \$9.98, or Stereo LSC-6150, \$11.98 (special price).

Callas, Di Stefano Angel 3554-55
Mancini, Lauri-Volpi Cetra 1226
Milanov, Bjoerling Victor LM-6008
Tebaldi, Del Monaco London OSA-4326, ②1304

⑧PRICE is to make her Metropolitan debut during the coming season in the role of Leonora; this recording is therefore a kind of preview. It is also a memorial to the late Leonard Warren—his last recording, we are told. Presumably it replaces the older RCA Victor set in which Zinka Milanov shares honors with Bjoerling, Barbieri, Warren and Moscana. As that set happened to be an exceptionally fine one in most respects, the biggest selling point for the new one is the stereo sound.

All in all, I would call the new per-

formance an excellent one, though it hardly succeeds in matching the best in the older recording. Miss Price has a first-rate voice and sings with both taste and agility, but she does not have the beautifully drawn lines, the creamy quality, or the stylistic refinement that distinguish Milanov at her best. And Milanov was at her best when the "Trovatore" recording was made. There are admirable moments in the Price performance—notably in the great *E degg' io ensemble*—but there is nothing comparable to Milanov's *D'amour sull' ali rose*. Tucker sings in a strong masculine style; his tone is rich and even. Perhaps he lays on a little too much sentiment in *Ah si ben mio*, but *Di quella pira* rings out with a power we might not expect of him. Elias may seem a strange choice for Azucena, but she sings in a highly charged dramatic style, emphasizing the wildness of the character rather than its craftiness. Her *Stride la tampa* is good, if hardly the most meaningful I have ever heard, and the long narrative, *Condotta ell' era in ceppi*, has the true dramatic ring. In the final scene I wish she had modulated her voice—above the melody of *Si la stanchezza Verdi has*

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directed *Tutto e mezzo voce*. The dreamy quality is lacking.

I suspect that Warren might have done some of his part over had he lived a little longer, for he is not in as consistently good form here as in the older set. His *Il balen* in the new is definitely below par. But for the most part he sings with his accustomed suavity. And nothing but praise can be given Tozzi, though I have a feeling he might have been allowed a little more leeway in the first act recitatives. The weakness of the older RCA Victor "*Trovatore*" was in the businesslike conducting; I am afraid something of the same is true here, although the opera is now spread over three discs instead of two. Nor am I altogether happy about the stereophonic sound; the voices tend to be too close to us, and though they do move about the stage, they are too strong for the orchestra. There are, however, fine effects with the anvils and the offstage nuns' chorus.

Mention of the other competing versions must concern itself mostly with the rival Leonoras. Votaries of Callas and Tebaldi will not be convinced by anything I have said about Milanov. Of the two, Callas seems to me the more successful in this opera; her voice is in good estate and her wonted intelligence brings meaning to her singing. Tebaldi is less in her element; agility is not her longest suit, and she is inclined to omit trills. Both Callas and Tebaldi sing the usually forgotten *Tu vedrai che amore interra*, which follows the *Miserere*—an interesting rather than an important innovation. Again, to my taste, Callas comes out ahead. In support of Callas are Di Stefano and Barbieri, neither in top form; Simionato, with Tebaldi, makes a better Azucena, but Del Monaco is not an ideal Manrico. In the Cetra set Mancini is very good; as for the aging Lauri-Volpi, the wonder is that he can still do it.

—P.L.M.

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I Musici; Felix Ayo (violin). Epic LC-3704, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1086, \$5.98.

The Same; Societa Corelli; Vittorio Emanuele (violin). RCA Victor LM-2424, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2424, \$5.98.

Biffoli, Accademico di Milano

Vox GBV-11480, ⑧ STGBV-511480

Tomasow, Janigro, Solisti di Zagreb

Vanguard 564, ⑧ 5001

Giulini, Philharmonia Str. Orch. Angel 35216

OF these two new versions that by I Musici is the more attractive; it is performed with considerable imagination, a little embellishment although not nearly enough, and, as is customary with I Musici, a rich full tone. This is their second recording of the work, presumably for the purposes of stereo, their first having been made

about five years ago. The harpsichord continuo is quite audible for a change, and the realization of the figured bass is varied and interesting. The performances listed above are still my preferences because of certain individual characteristics such as the great lyricism of the Accademico di Milano interpretation or some subtleties in the playing of the Solisti di Zagreb, but by and large this new I Musici reading is highly satisfactory, with the only serious drawback being the very shrill sound of the mono version. The Societa Corelli performance was recorded with rather dead acoustics, and whatever mood the group evokes in any of the four concerti is at a disadvantage under these conditions. The playing is on

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the whole quite good but not very imaginative, with considerable departures from the established tempi by the violin

soloist. Also, it seems to me that in this performance the harpsichord continuo is far too subdued.

—I.K.

Walton re-records *Belshazzar's Feast*

OF THE two versions of *Belshazzar's Feast* now available, there is absolutely no doubt of the superiority of this new one. Sir Malcolm Sargent is quite inadequate as an interpreter of this music, even though he conducted its première in 1931 in Leeds. His handling of the double chorus especially is in the lethargic choral-society tradition, stripped of dynamic accentuation, of which Walton's incisive writing would seem to exemplify the precise opposite. If the composer's handling of his own work as presented here is not a thorough rebuke to that outworn monolithic tradition, it is difficult to see how it can be rebuked. Walton was also the first to record it, for HMV on 78s, and Sir Adrian Boult, closely following the composer's example, produced in 1953 the LP recently deleted on Westminster. Thus Sargent's particularly slack rendering of only two years ago with the Liverpool Philharmonic demonstrably represents a willful flouting of both the letter and spirit of the score. (The substitution of cor anglais for saxophone under

Sargent, though unfortunate, is authorized. It is notable that Walton employed the same drooping melos for the alto saxophone as Vaughan Williams did the previous year in *Job* but this time for the real lamenting of the captive Jews instead of the feigned commiseration of the three "comforters".)

Concerning the intrinsic value of this 35-minute work, I think I need no more than repeat P.L.M.'s summation (ARG, April, 1959) that it is "surely one of the important choral works of our time." He also stated that "one looks forward to hearing such a work in stereo", and since we now have just that, under the composer's very able direction, this ought to be definitive. Yet I am really less than satisfied in that regard, and the more I reheat the Boult recording the more strongly I feel that any who own it should continue to cherish it on two particular accounts: its technical quality, and its soloist.

The baritone was Dennis Noble, who was also heard in the original Walton recording, and neither James Milligan nor Donald Bell can compare with him in eloquence. Particularly in the pivotal "writing on the wall" section ("And in that same hour as they feasted came forth fingers of a man's hand"), he alone catches exactly the right tone of lugubrious irony, snapping off his final consonants, and merging into *parlando* in "the King slain and his Kingdom divided". He really

WALTON: *Belshazzar's Feast; Partita for Orchestra;* Donald Bell (baritone), Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Sir William Walton. Angel 35681, \$4.98, or Stereo 35681, \$5.98.
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makes the flesh creep. (Note that even the "ffz" of the chorus' echo of "Slain!" is enfeebled under Sargent's direction.)

With regard to the new stereo pressing, I think a good deal more could have been made of Belshazzar's tremendous antiphonal potentialities. The over-all sound is gorgeous, and the sense of depth and solidity which good stereo imparts especially to a choral ensemble is impressively manifest, but the dramatic use of directionality for two choruses answering each other antiphonally is slighted. Also, this is the first recording in which Walton's provision for extra brass bands on opposite sides of the chorus (*à la Berlioz*) can be manifested; but the absence of any clearly "left" and "right" antiphonies as indicated in the score suggests that all the available brass had in fact to be deployed within the orchestral area. Like Belshazzar himself, the resultant sonics must be reported as "weighed in the balance and found wanting".

Lastly, I find only the Boult adequate with respect to clarity of orchestral detail, including in comparison both mono and stereo pressings of the new version. Here I probably part company with P.L.M., who found that "in the Westminster version everything is too close." Yet it is just that closeness that enables, for example, the very active percussion to make itself adequately felt, as it cannot in the two available versions. I especially miss the full sonority of the piano, which along with the xylophone imparts so much of the spiky edge to the orchestration in the angry, defiant passages, as well as supplying a uniquely incisive bass on occasion. It really changes the orchestral expression to an astonishing degree, as does the soloistic capture of slapstick, anvil, wood block with xylophone, etc., in the pagan ritual, and the grisly use of castanets with gong in the "writing on the wall" section. This unfortunate dichotomy of depth vs. essential detail becomes rather acute in such an extreme case as this, for there is no denying that the sense of perspective achieved with what *can* be heard in the Angel recording is somewhat greater, and the dynamic range wider. Yet London conquered that dichotomy in its "Rhein-

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gold", and *Belshazzar* is no less worthy of special attention. The Angel *must* be played at high gain, by the way, both in mono and stereo, if the baritone is not to seem to enter from a block away.

The new recording has the added advantage over the Liverpool that its second side is filled up with more and significant Walton, instead of bogus "Handel, arr. Sargent". Reviewing the LP première of the racy and delightful Partita for Orchestra as recorded by Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra, who commissioned it in 1957 (see ARG, January, 1960), my only complaint was again of a slight lack of percussive detail. There is still less of that in the new recording, for instance the sound of the castanets employed in the *Pastorale Siciliana*, this time in their more customary romantic vein. The whole Epic recording has a little more realism, as in the exceptionally clear timbre of the long dialogue for viola and oboe that begins this

same movement. Epic takes a whole side for the Partita, though it is only a 15-minute work. Owing to the accuracy of Walton's metronome markings in conveying his intent, and of Szell in following them, there are but a few seconds' difference in the timing of the two recordings, and in regard to phrasing we see that Szell

has caught the composer's spirit magnificently. In the opening *Toccata*, Walton accentuates the *ritardandi* before the codetta and the coda more. I am ever more struck by the beauty and originality of the swaying *Siciliana*, a small masterpiece of luminous harmony and orchestration.

—J.D.

Orchestral

©CAPITOL has assembled here all its Hollywood Bowl leading lights into a two-disc spectacular. Augmented by a dozen-odd color photos to illustrate his text, columnist Gene Sherman of the Los Angeles *Times* has made such an olfactory attempt to evoke the atmosphere of a balmy summer night at the Bowl (magnolia, pine, sumac, eucalyptus, etc.) that it seems a pity the actual scents could not have been included too, as in some recent movie travelogues. But for most winter-bound pop-concert addicts, these stereo

Miscellany

sounds should themselves be reward enough.

Of the seventeen chestnuts offered, the longest (15') has also the most formidable competition on records. This *1812* makes a valiant attempt to equal Mercury's overpowering effect with the cannon and church bells (SR-90054), but it doesn't quite come off. The bells are not so rich in sound, and the cannon shots, while making more of an effect of coming from different directions, sound like one of the more unsuccessful trial "takes" heard in Deems Taylor's explanatory talk for Mercury. Earlier in the overture, the snare drum and tambourine which so enliven the discourse are scarcely heard; and what is *1812* without its little drums as well as big? Felix Slatkin gives a quite acceptable interpretation of it, as he does of the Johann Strauss, Tchaikovsky, and Richard Strauss waltzes, making his contribution the most notable of all.

Two of Alfred Newman's four assignments, and two of Carmen Dragon's six, have been orchestrated or reorchestrated by them, naturally in the direction of increased lushness of sound. Michael Rabin has a very flighty minute indeed in Heifetz' arrangement of the *Bumblebee*. The two movie concertos played by Pennario, both written long before the introduction of stereophonic sound to films, nevertheless profit particularly well by stereo here. And though both are thoroughly grounded in the Rachmaninoff harmonic style, it is interesting, on rehearing, to note how much more distinguished the material of Richard Addinsell's much-maligned *Warsaw Concerto* (8') is than that of Miklós Rózsa's *Spellbound Concerto* (12'). It is a proximity which Mr. Rózsa, who conducts his own work here and who has written far better

This Is the Hollywood Bowl!—TCHAIKOVSKY: *1812 Overture*; RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Flight of the Bumblebee* (arr. Heifetz); DEBUSSY: *Reverie* (orch. Dragon); ADDINSELL: *Warsaw Concerto*; PUCCINI: *Musetta's Waltz* (arr. Newman); J. STRAUSS: *Blue Danube Waltz*; PROKOFIEV: *March from "The Love for Three Oranges"*; BRAHMS: *Hungarian Dance No. 6*; PLANQUETTE: *March, "Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse"* (arr. Newman); RÓZSA: *Spellbound Concerto*; KHA-CHATURIAN: *Sabre Dance*; CHOPIN: *Polonaise Militaire* (orch. Dragon); BENJAMIN: *Jamaican Rhumba*; BI-ZET: *Chorus from "Carmen", Act IV*; R. STRAUSS: *Rosenkavalier Waltzes*; RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Dance of the Buffoons*; TCHAIKOVSKY: *Waltz of the Flowers*; Michael Rabin (violin), Leonard Pennario (piano), Roger Wagner Chorale, Hollywood Bowl Symphony conducted by Carmen Dragon, Alfred Newman, Miklós Rózsa, Felix Slatkin, and Roger Wagner. Capitol set ABO-8496, four sides, \$7.98, or Stereo SABO-8496, \$9.98.

scores, would have done well to avoid. Even his own special contribution to movie psychiatry, the theremin, was used to better effect in his *Lost Weekend*. My own idea of a perfect short pop number is the late Arthur Benjamin's unassuming *Jamaican Rhumba*, which ends side 3. Finally, I would personally like to have heard more of the Wagner Chorale in this 90-minute concert than their four lively minutes of Bizet.

—J.D.

Concert of Overtures—BRAHMS: *Tragic Overture, Op. 81;* **MOZART:** *Marriage of Figaro;* **GLINKA:** *Russlan and Ludmilla;* **MENDELSSOHN:** *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* **DVOŘÁK:** *Carnival;* **BERLIOZ:** *Rákóczi March;* Royal Danish Orchestra conducted by John Frandsen. Forum Stereo SF-70001, \$2.98.

¶MUCH of the playing is marred by excessive exuberance and too-rapid tempi. The Mozart overture, for instance, is headlong in its pacing and not at all graceful in its lightheartedness, while the Brahms is wanting in breadth. The Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Dvořák fare better, but *Russlan and Ludmilla* is overly boisterous. The orchestra negotiates everything with ample dexterity and polish. The sound is bright, clean, and close, but tape hiss is noticeable. —P.C.P.

LEHÁR: "The Merry Widow" (Operetta Without Words); Vienna Theater-Konzert Orchestra conducted by Conrad Lieder. Kapp KL-1152, \$3.98, or KL-1152-S, \$4.98.

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SOUND IDEAS

An Equipment Review

By LARRY ZIDE

Madison-Fielding FM Tuner, Model 630

UNTIL fairly recently anyone who asked me for advice on an FM tuner in the under-one-hundred-dollar price range was told that only a very limited choice in this group had any right to be called "high fidelity". Of late, there have been several fine units selling at well under that price. One such is this new basic tuner from Madison-Fielding selling for eight-five dollars. I've had one in operation in my basic system for a month now and can report that the 630 can hold its head up with tuners costing much more. In all respects it was only a bit less successful in its functions than my reference.

In direct A-B comparisons the Madison-Fielding proved to be a shade less clean (more distorted) than my reference. The difference was only detectable with really good program material properly broadcast, a condition that unfortunately is rarely met even in my strong signal area of multi-stationed New York City. A more unusual condition was quite noticeable, however. The 630 tuner includes a variable Automatic Frequency Control (AFC) on its front panel. AFC can be turned from full on to full off by means of a front panel knob. With the AFC full on, the 630 exhibited a marked decrease in bass response. Since the bass response was good with the AFC off, this would indicate inadequate filtering of the AFC circuit. This fault is not as debilitating as it would at first seem, since for all practical purposes the AFC is not really needed in its full on position. Half on, where it was still effective, there was no audible bass loss.

During the first ten minutes of operation without AFC switched in, the 630 will drift sufficiently to require re-tuning after the set is fully warmed up. After this period the unit is stable, requiring no re-tuning. With the AFC in a half-on position



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the tuner would drift during warm-up only on occasion. In any case once the warm-up period was passed the tuner would not drift.

Potential purchasers seeking a tuner of high sensitivity in a low-cost tuner will find the 630 capable of capturing most stations in a strong signal area with only a 30-inch wire for an antenna. Better reception in any signal area will, of course, be accomplished by more adequate antennae. The 630 would be a suitable tuner for fringe-area reception.

No review of the 630 could possibly ignore the tuning system utilized here. Where the conventional dial stands still and the pointer moves, here the pointer (a magic eye tuning indicator) stands still and the *dial* plate itself moves. My feelings are that this method is neither better nor worse than the usual systems.

All in all, the Madison-Fielding 630 represents a good value for the budget-conscious audiophile. If I seem to be less than enthusiastic, it is because for not *too* much more (slightly over \$100) there are several top-flight tuners. Still, price can be an important factor. For those of you who must skimp, the state of FM broadcasting is such that a less-than-ideal tuner will be the least apparent economy in the system.

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SHURE Brothers has long been in the forefront of transducer producers. They are justly famous for their moving-magnet cartridges, and long-standing leaders in the microphone field. Although Shure has had in its catalogue an integrated cartridge-arm, this is their debut with a high-fidelity arm alone.

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plugged to the arm, and the job is complete.

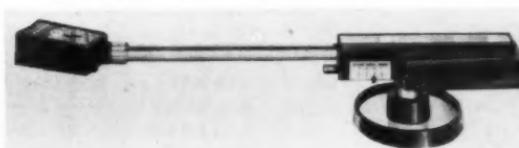
The Shure performs its prime function well. It is very free in its motion providing low drag to the stylus. Resonance was not detected in the range above 20 cycles. Tracking error was well within acceptable limits over the entire record area. About the only criticism I can offer has to do with the flimsy plastic cartridge shell. While I feel that there is nothing wrong with plastic as such, the screw thread that goes into the arm tube could be a bit more durable than this molding is likely to prove in careless hands. The stylus pressure adjusting screw, too, has a tendency to fail to seat properly and thus upset the calibration for gram weight. Care should be taken to see that the screw is well-seated in the hole provided. One special feature: Shure has taken notice of the fact that different cartridge manufacturers use varying stylus tip-to-mounting center distances. The cartridge-mounting plate can be slid back and forth so that the stylus may be placed in the optimum position to minimize tracking error.

The Shure M-232 makes a fitting mate for the Shure M-3D or any fine cartridge. Given a top-grade cartridge the arm will do justice to the finest program material. With its thirty-dollar price tag the M-232 becomes an excellent value indeed.

Note: For readers just beginning their record collections Shure has recently published an excellent booklet entitled "The Art of Selecting, Playing and Preserving Recordings". It is available for 25c from Dept. NN, Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

SHURE STEREO TONE ARM, MODEL M-232

Over-all Length: 12-11/16 inches
Base Diameter: 2-11/16 inches
Height Adjustment: up to $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Arm Pivot to Turntable Center: 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Price \$29.95





**Norelco Continental "406"
Stereo Tape Recorder, Model EL-3536**

THIS NEW machine from Holland is a lot of tape recorder. It will play and record 4-track stereo tapes, and play 2-track and mono tapes. Further, it will do this at any of three speeds: $7\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{3}{4}$, and 1-7 8 inches per second. The Norelco recorder has inputs for microphone, tuner, or ceramic phonograph with facilities for mixing a high-level signal with the microphone input. Special conveniences include a sound-on-sound dubbing switch, a pause button for holding the tape in a ready-to-go position, an automatic stop (with metalized tape) at the end of a reel, a four-digit counter, magic eye recording indicator, and a carrying case featuring a complete recording and playback system that can be set up anywhere in plug-in range of 110 volts ac. A further bonus is the Norelco dynamic *stereo* microphone included. I found that this excellent mike was able to record, via its dual elements, perfectly acceptable stereo.

Because all controls are logically and conveniently grouped, and responsive to the touch, the Norelco is a pleasure to handle. Tape motion and speed selection is by interlocking push keys. Operation is foolproof. It took some deliberate effort on my part to spill or break tape. In order to go, say, from rewind to play, a con-

Manufacturers Specs:

Frequency Response:

at $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. 50-18,000
at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips. 50-14,000
at $1\frac{7}{8}$ ips. 60-7,000

Signal to Noise Ratio: better than 48 db

Wow and Flutter:

at $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. 0.15%
at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips. 0.2%
at $1\frac{7}{8}$ ips. 0.3%

Crosstalk: minus 55 db

Weight: 48 lbs.

Price: \$399.50 complete (including EL-3752.01 stereo microphone also available separately for \$39.50)

dition that often snaps a tape, the stop button must first be depressed. The tape stops pretty quickly so that it takes some dexterity to hit the play button before the tape comes to a halt and thus break it. Any machine that makes me have to work to break a tape is worthy of special commendation.

The Norelco proved excellent for the playback of commercially recorded tapes. With the machine's tone control in the midway position at $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. it was within 2 db of the NARTB curve from 10,000 cycles to 70 cycles. At fifty cycles one channel was plus $3\frac{1}{2}$ db, the other plus 4 db. The extreme frequency ends mentioned are the limits of my test tape. I might add that for a non-professional machine these are excellent figures. Playback of high-quality tapes over my main music system showed reproduction to be clean, indeed very nearly as clean as many a professional machine. Music was reproduced smoothly, with only a slight boominess in

the extreme bass, correctable through my preamp's tone controls. These tests were all performed at the preamp outputs of the machine.

The recorder has two built-in power amplifiers, with one speaker contained in the recorder case, the other in the cover, and a long connecting cord built in. Attempts to measure the frequency response of the amplifiers revealed them to be extremely erratic, with a wild rise in frequency response in the upper region. This seems to be largely an academic point since the net result is quite acceptable.

As a recorder the Norelco was more than satisfactory. At the high speed, results pretty nearly paralleled commercial tapes. What I found quite astonishing was the acceptable results achieved at the 1-7/8 ips. speed. Music was still quite listenable, although there was some detectable flutter on piano tones and all of the high-frequency gloss was absent. For speech recording and reproduction the slow speed is ideal, as up to four hours can be continuously recorded in a single direction.

When all is said and done, the question might well arise: just what can a professional machine costing anywhere from \$500 up do better than the \$400 Norelco? Simply stated, a good professional machine has even better and flatter frequency response, lower noise and distortion, speed stability, speed accuracy (the Norelco I

tested was about 1% slow in speed), and will rewind a tape in half a minute where the Norelco takes nearly two. The more expensive professional machines will *not* have the versatility of the Norelco; they require external amplifiers and speakers, and in many cases are not so portable. The perfectionist (who can afford it) will want the professional equipment. For the vast majority of audiophiles seeking a quality tape recorder for all-around use, the Norelco Continental "400" is an ideal choice. Certainly, in its class, the Norelco is a top buy and is unhesitatingly endorsed.

I should add, however, that the recorder supplied to me had one minor error in wiring. The two channels were wired out of phase with each other at the head. The result was that full-track tapes played back on the machine were distorted and lacked bass. The same was true of tapes recorded on the machine and subsequently played back on another. The cure was to remove the protective cover from the head, then to unsolder one set of leads to the combination record-playback head and reverse them. A casual check at a dealer indicated that my specimen was just an extraordinary fluke. The condition may be easily checked by playing a full-track tape on the machine. This fed through a preamp that allows both channels to be mixed will reveal thin distorted sound in the case of out-of-phase heads.

The 1960 High Fidelity Music Show

ACH YEAR at this time I sit down at the typewriter and attempt to pound out a story about the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers' New York audio extravaganza. Some years I have come away impressed; others have left me distressed. This year finds me a bit of both. There was new and improved equipment that I found quite exciting, but one fact simply could not be ignored. Last year, and the year before, the emphasis was on the introduction of stereodiscs as a major product. This year, stereo is taken for granted. Manufacturers showed stereo equipment almost exclusively. Last year

many lines still had some monophonic equipment. Now it is nowhere to be found. The only new piece of monophonic equipment (except for tuners, of course) was a single-channel, 70-watt amplifier of extreme high quality (and price) displayed by Marantz. There were no new mono cartridges, although a few companies continued to show earlier models which they still marketed.

What disturbs me so deeply about this is that the manufacturers, almost to a man, have abandoned the audiophile and music lover who has no use for stereo. The current thinking seems to be that stereo is

better than mono and that's that. This I believe to be wrong. Certainly stereophonics, properly used, can enhance some program material, but personally I have yet to be convinced that stereo does anything worth the extra price for the singer or instrumentalist. The stereo disc itself, a significant step backwards at its introduction, has not yet equaled the low distortion qualities of most good monophonic discs. (And they were not always so nearly perfect, either.) Stereo cartridges, too, are now only beginning to equal their mono counterparts in reproduction qualities. Let this column, then, be a cry of anguish for the many music lovers who want to improve their systems but do not wish to be forced to convert to stereo in order to get better components.

This year saw the fulfillment of an equipment dream of mine for many years. It had long been my contention that the kit builder was not necessarily looking for a low-priced (and consequently compromised) product. For the most part this is precisely the market the kit companies aimed for. Harman Kardon, with its Citation line, proved that there is a large market for high-quality kit merchandise, even in the highest price categories. The 1960 show unveiled a good many products that fall into this category.

FM tuner kits, once primarily low-priced, low-quality products, are springing up in new garb all over the place. H. H. Scott has chosen an FM tuner as its entry into the kit market. Claims made for this and other new tuner kits are that they will perform as well as factory-aligned models. Dynaco, whose exceptional amp and preamp kits are well known, will now market an FM tuner kit. The aforementioned Citation line will now include an FM tuner kit, as well as another preamp and amplifier. Both the preamp and amplifier kits now introduced are less elaborate and expensive than others currently marketed. Also from Citation comes the first of what is hoped will be a series of Hegeman-Lowther speaker designs. Eico and Heathkit, two old friends of the kit builder, also unveiled more elaborate kits than heretofore marketed. The second dual-channel 60-watt amplifier kit to hit the market will

soon be released by Acro of Philadelphia.

Other new products of note: Audio-Empire's release of a three-speed turntable makes A-E one of the few manufacturers to offer complete record-playing front ends. Rek-O-Kut now has a two-speed belt-driven turntable available in factory-built or kit form. This same company has also released a device that I find rather unnerving. With Rek-O-Kut's own turntables and manual arm, this attachment will start the turntable, lower the arm onto the disc, at the end lift the arm, return it to the rest and shut the turntable off. In spite of their automatic feature this is, in every sense, a manual arm and turntable.

Some time ago Electro-Voice marketed a super-tweeter of superb qualities called the Ionovac. Unfortunately, the unit had the disconcerting habit of burning out after a short time, so it never caught on. Du-Kane, the original manufacturer, is now marketing the unit with the claim that the "bug" has been cured. In any case the company is now offering a two-year guarantee on the speaker.

Other speakers around: both Quad and KLH are marketing full-range electrostatic speakers. Under the rather less than ideal listening conditions that exist at audio shows, both of these units sounded quite impressive.

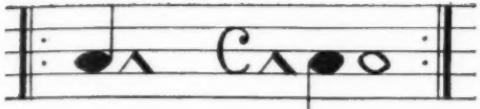
The same agency marketing the Quad unit also distributes the SME tone arm, a beautiful piece of workmanship. This British product has received impressive reviews in that country. It is priced around \$90. Also among interesting new tone arms is the new Grado, a versatile unit which, along with that company's Master cartridge, will be evaluated in next month's "Sound Ideas".

One does not often speak of television in the same breath as high fidelity, but there is one truly high-fidelity TV receiver. It is made by Conrac, and it does deliver a superior picture and sound. The company, which makes monitors for TV studios, recently was leveled by a fire, and so this show was the debut of their new receiver. It features a wireless remote control unit.

I hope to report on many of the aforementioned products in future "Sound Ideas".

—L.Z.

A column for collectors
By STEVEN SMOLIAN



More Westminster Deletions

18103 MOZART: *String Quartet in C, K.170; in Eb, K.171; in Bb, K.172*; Barylli Quartet.

18104 BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68*; Philharmonic Promenade Orch.; Boult.

18105 BACH, J. S.: *Italian Concerto; Aria Variata; Overture in the French Manner*; Eva Wollmann, piano.

▲ Duplications which won't be missed. But if you can still find the old 10" disc of the Italian Concerto coupled with the Chromatic Fantasy as played on the harpsichord by George Malcolm (London LD-9187), a treat awaits you.

18112 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. 13*; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.

18113 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord in C minor, L. 217; in F, L. 75; in G minor, L. 36, in D, Longo 106; in D minor, L. 271; in D minor, L. 211, in G, L. 176* (all*); (all edited by Salter); Julian Olevsky, violin; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.

▲ These eight pieces are restored from harpsichord sonatas now believed to have been composed for violin and harpsichord, and here they receive their only recordings with this instrumental combination.

18114 BRAHMS: *Sonatas for Viola and Piano in F minor, Op. 120 No. 1; in Eb, Op. 120, No. 2*; Paul Doktor, viola; Nadia Reisenberg, piano. ▲ It's a shame to see this one go. Doktor and Reisenberg are a team, as are Primrose and Kirkusny on the only surviving recording of Brahms' alternate version of his clarinet sonatas (Capitol P-8478), the difference being that the Westminster duo is on Brahms' side.

18115 HANDEL: *Water Music*; Boult, Philharmonic Prom. Orch.

18118 FAURE: *Barcarolle, Op. 70; Impromptus, Op. 25, 31, 34, 91, 102; Nocturne No. 6, Op. 63; Theme and Variations, Op. 73*; Joerg Demus, piano.

▲ Wonderful music which has, however, been available in more sensitive readings.

18210 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Sakho: Sea Episode; *Fantasy on Russian Themes, Op. 33*; BALAKIREV: **Russia*; Ivanov, USSR State Orch.

18121.3 BEETHOVEN: *String Quartets, Op. 18 Nos. 1-6*; Barylli Quartet.

▲ The most satisfying set of performances of the Op. 18 quartets on records, certainly with more of the "breath of life" than either of the Budapest's LP ventures. Without trying to make more of the music than is in it the Baryllis manage to extract full meaning from these early masterworks.

18124.6 RAMEAU: **Works for Harpsichord—complete*; Robert Feyron-Lacroix, harpsichord.

18130 BACH, K. P. E.: **Concerto for Viola, MASCHERA: *La Capriola*, GABRIELI, G.: *Canzone*; TOMASINI: **Suite for Violin*; Ensemble Marius Casadesus.

▲ If you enjoy this sort of music, which I must admit I do, you are liable to derive a great deal of pleasure from this disc.

18132 BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18133 DELIUS: **Sonata for Cello and Piano; *Caprice and Elegy; Hassan: Serenade*; Anthony Pini, cello; Wilfred Parry, piano.

▲ Those interested in Delius are strongly advised to act, as these seem unlikely choices for duplication in the near future.

18136 FRANCK: *String Quartet*; Parrenin Quartet.

▲ An equally fine performance by the Loewenguth Quartet (Epic LC-3227) is still listed.

18139 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Harpsichord in G, L. 103; in C, L. 104*; BACH, J. S.: *Well-Tempered Clavier: Prelude and Fugue No. 13; Three-Part Inventions, No. II*; MOZART: *Sonata for Piano in D, K. 311*; CHOPIN: *Mazurka No. 13 in A minor, Op. 17, No. 4; No. 25 in B minor, Op. 33, No. 4*; SCHUMANN: *Kinderseiten, Op. 15*; Carlo Zecchi, piano.

18141 CHABRIER: **Pièces Pittoresques*; Ginette Doyen, piano.

18143 SCHOENBERG: *Pierrot Lunaire*; René Liebowitz, Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble.

18145 KARAYEV: **Seven Beauties—Ballet*; Grikurov, Orch., at the Leningrad Maly Theater.

18147 NYSTROEM: **Songs at Sea*; Rauta-Waara, mezzo-soprano; Tor Mann, Stockholm Radio Orch.; **Incidental Music for "The Merchant of Venice"—Suite*.

▲ Nystroem is one of the outstanding Swedish composers. This disc displays the lighter side of his art. One hearing of the "Merchant of Venice" side and you'll certainly want the record a long-standing favorite of mine.

18150 MOZART: *String Quartet in G, K.80; in D, K.136; Bb, K.137; in F, K.138*; Barylli Quartet.

▲ The last three are not properly quartets at all but rather divertimenti for small string orchestra. Among the loveliest things in early Mozart, they have received performances of greater merit elsewhere.

18152 QUILTER: **Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, *Three Songs by Blake, *Three Songs by Shelley, *To Julia*; Alexander Young, tenor; Watson, piano.

18152 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. 14*; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.

18155.6 BACH: *French Suites—complete*; Gianoli, piano.

18162 TCHAIKOVSKY: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in Bb*; Badura-Skoda, piano; Boult, Philharmonic Prom. Orch.

18163 MENDELSSOHN: *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage, The Beautiful Melusine, The Hebrides, Rue Blaue*; Boult, Philharmonic Prom. Orch.

18164 MOZART: *Serenade No. 7 in D, K.250, "Haffner"*; Scholz, American Chamber Orch.

18165 GIBBONS: **Tudor Church Music*, Ord, Kings College Choir.

18167 Motets by THIERS, MINORET, M. A. CHARPENTIER, LALANDE, COUPERIN, CAMPRA, BERNIER, GERVAIS, BLANCHARD; tenor: Dupré, organ; Ensemble Marius Casadesus (most*).

18168 MOZART: *String Quartet, K.499; String Quintet, K.406*; Barylli Quartet.

18170 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. 15*; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.

18171 TAKTAKISHVILI: *Piano Concerto in C minor*; Gordeli: **Piano Concerto in C minor Op. 2*; Iokheles, piano; Gauk, State Radio Orch.

18172 TARTINI: *Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord*; Peter Rybar, violin; Franz Hollertschek, piano (some*).

18173 STRAUSS, R.: *Suite in Bb for Winds, Op. 4; Serenade in Eb for Winds, Op. 7*; Vienna Phil. Wind Group, JANACEK: *Concertino for Piano and Chamber Ensemble*; Barylli Ensemble.

18176 DVORAK: *Trio in F minor for Piano and Strings, Op. 65*; HAYDN: **Trio No. 3 in C for Piano and Strings*; Oistrakh, violin; Knushevitsky, cello; Oborin, piano.

18182/4 BARTOK: **Mikrokosmos—complete*; Farfadi, piano.

▲ The Sandor (Columbia SL-229), just recently

dected, is superior in my opinion.

18185 TURINA: *Danzas Fantásticas*, Op. 22; *Danzas Gilanas*, Op. 55, Series 1; *Mujeres Es-panoas*, Op. 7; *Le Jeudi Saint a Minuit*; José Echaniz, piano.

18191 OVLANIKO-KULIKOVSKY: **Symphony No. 24*; VAINBERG: **Serenade for Orch.* Op. 47, No. 4; Gauk, State Radio Orch.

18194 BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 3 in F*, Op. 90; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18202 MOZART: *Piano Sonatas 1-4*. K. 279-82; Gianoli, piano.

18211 FAURE: **Songs—complete*; Renée Doria, Bertha Monmart, sopranos; Jacques Dutey, Pierre Molet, baritones; Paul Derenne, tenor; Simone Gouat, Tasso Janapoulo, Harry Cox, piano.

▲Not all the artists are of the same quality, of course, but it seems unlikely that this project will be duplicated. Those interested are strongly advised to act.

18217 BARTOK: *Allegro Barbaro*; *Eight Rumanian Folk Dances*; *Nine Piano Pieces*; *Suite, Op. 14*; *Three Burlesques*; Farnadi, piano.

18218 LISZT: **Soirées de Vienne—complete*; Farnadi, piano.

▲Since 1961 is the "Liszt Year", chances are excellent that these will be redone.

18220 MOZART: *Piano Sonatas 5-7*. K. 283/4, 309; Gianoli, piano.

18222 MOZART: *Piano Sonatas 8/10*. K. 310/11-330; Gianoli, piano.

18229 ALBENIZ-HEIFETZ: *Sevilla: El Puerto*; GLAZUNOV-ZIMBALIST: *Raymonda: Grand Adagio*; GLAZUNOV-POGOZHÉV: *Raymonda: Waltz*; PAGANINI-KREISLER: *Theme and Variation, "Il Palpitare"*; SARASATE: *Capricho Basque*, Op. 24; WIENIAWSKI: *Polonaise No. 2, Op. 21*; PAGANINI: *Introduction and Variations on a Theme of Rossini*; Leonid Kogan, violin; Mitnik and Kaplan, piano.

18233 RAVEL: *Le Tombeau de Couperin*; *Sonatines, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*; Gianoli, piano.

18237 BARTOK: *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste: Divertimento for String Orchestra*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

▲The first Dorati recording of the Divertimento (Vic. LM-1135 and LM-1750) is still my favorite, and as for the other work the new Reiner (Victor LM-2374),

18238 SUPPE: *Overtures: Poet and Peasant, Light Cavalry, Beautiful Galathaea, Boccaccio, Fatinia; Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18239 MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony No. 3, Op. 56 ("Scotch")*; *Symphony No. 4, Op. 90, "Italian"*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

▲A surprisingly good performance of the "Italian" by the usually stolid Boult.

18240 RESPIGHI: *Feste Romane*; *Rossiniana*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18241 DELIBES: *Sylphie—Ballet Suite*; *Coppélia—Ballet Suite*; *Natala—Waltz*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18242 LISZT: *Dance of Death, Hungarian Fantasy*; SCHUBERT-LISZT: *Wanderer Fantasy*; Farnadi, piano; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18243 MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony No. 4, Op. 90 "Italian"; Midsummer Night's Dream: Incidental Music—excerpts*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18244 MENDELSSOHN: *Midsummer Night's Dream: Incidental Music—excerpts; Overtures: Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage; The Hebrides*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18246 BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4, Op. 98*; Boult, Philharmonic Prom. Orch.

18248 51 VAUGHN WILLIAMS: *Orchestral Music—English Folk Song Suite* (18248); *Fantasy on "Greensleeves"* (18248, 18249, 18250); *Fantasy on a Theme of Tallis* (18248, 18249, 19250); **Norfolk Rhapsody* (18248); *Old King Cole* (18249, 18251); *The Wasps: Incidental Music* (18250, 18251); Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18252 HOLST: *The Planets*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18253 WALTON: *Belsazar's Feast*, Noble, baritone; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18254 LAMBERT: **Piano Concerto*; Watson, piano; Groves, Argo Chamber Ensemble.

LAMBERT: **Eight Songs to Translations of Poems by Li-Po—A Summer Day, Nocturne, With Man of Leisure, Lines Written in Autumn, The River of Ku-Su Palace, The Intruder, On the City Street, The Long Departed Lover*; Alexander Young, tenor; Watson, piano.

18261 MOZART: *Divertimento in D*, K. 131; **Cassation in Bb*, K. 99; Scholz, Am. Chamb. Orch.

18262 PERGOLESI: **The Music Master*; Söderström, soprano; Ohlson, tenor; Hallgren, baritone; Gardelli, Drottningholm Theater Orch.

18276 CHERUBINI: *Sonatas for Clavichord in F, in C, in Bb, in G, in D, in Eb*; Vera Franceschi, piano (some*).

18279 BERLIOZ: *Symphonie fantastique*, Scherchen London Symphony Orch.

18280 LISZT: *Les Préludes*; Mazeppa; *Orpheus: Battle of the Huns*; Dixon, Philharmonic Symphony Orch. of London.

18282 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Russian Easter Overture*; *Symphony No. 2, Op. 9 ("Antar")*; Scherchen, London Symphony Orch.

18283 TCHAIKOVSKY: *1812 Overture*; *Marche Slave; Romeo and Juliet*; Scherchen, London Symphony Orch.

18285 BERLIOZ: *Harold in Italy*; Riddle, viola; Scherchen London Philharmonic Orch.

18315 BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica")*; **18318** BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 ("Pastorale")*; Scherchen, Vienna Symph. Orch.

18330 4 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vols. 3/7*; Fernando Valentí, harpsichord.

18348 BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67*; *Symphony No. 8 in F, Op. 93*; Scherchen, London Philharmonic Orch.

18359 BEETHOVEN: *String Quartet No. 10 in Eb, Op. 74 ("Harp")*; Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet.

18361 SCARLATTI, D.: *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. 16*; Fernando Valentí, harpsichord.

18362 ALKAN: **Toccata in C minor*; Op. 75; BACH, J. S.: *Toccata in C*, CZERNY: **Toccata in C, Op. 92*; CIAIA: **Toccata in G minor*; DEBUSSY: *Pour le piano—Toccata*; JELOBINSKY: **Toccata in C, Op. 19*; NOI; LEWENTHAL: **Toccata alla Scarlatti*; MENOTTI: **Ricercare and Toccata from "The Old Maid and the Thief"*; PROKOFIEV: *Toccata in D minor, Op. 11*; RAVEL: *Le Tombeau de Couperin—Toccata*; SCHUMANN: *Toccata in C, Op. 7*; Raymond Lewenthal, piano.

18369 71 PROKOFIEV: *Piano Sonatas—complete*; Yury Boukoff, piano.

▲This was the only set completed by any one artist, although Robert Cornman got through the first eight (this No. 1 was never issued in the United States). These old London discs were much in the nature of the Beethoven Sonatas as recorded for Westminster by Kurt Appelbaum in the first few years of LP—if you had to have a recording there was one available. The Boukoff series was a great improvement over the Cornman, although a number of the sonatas are available singly in even better performances. This is important music, not for who or what its influences or was influenced by, but for itself.

18372 BRITTEN: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; rehearsal of the same music*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18373 ELGAR: **Symphony No. 2 in Eb, Op. 63*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

▲Although rather a mixed bag, the work has many fine moments.

18374 WALTON: **Symphony*; Boult, Philharmonic Promenade Orch.

18382 3 BACH, J. S.: *English Suites—complete*; Gianoli, piano.

18386 9 BACH, J. S.: **Geistliche Lieder—complete*; Roessel-Majdan, contralto; Cuénod, tenor; Hollertschek, harpsichord; Harand, cello.

▲Another of the Westminster projects which will probably remain unique in the catalogues.

18390 A Natural Childbirth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stereotape Reviews



DVORÁK: *Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 95 ("From the New World"); Symphony No. 2 in D minor, Op. 70;* The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, London LC-80008, \$11.95.

THE mono disc release of these performances was included in the ARG's listing of the "Best Recordings of 1957". These are indeed marvelous readings: warm, ardently lyrical, superbly flowing, and sturdy. London's engineering is razor sharp, yet without a trace of edginess, the stereo full-bodied and well spread out. Highly recommended. —P.C.P.

FALLA: *Nights in the Gardens of Spain;* **RODRIGO:** *Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra;* Gonzalo Soriano (piano); Narciso Yepes (guitar); National Orchestra of Spain conducted by Ataulfo Argenta. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, London LCL-80010, \$7.95.

FALLA: *El Amor Brujo; Nights in the Gardens of Spain;* Yvonne Loriod (piano); Amparito Peris De Pruliere (mezzo-soprano); Orchestre de Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Westminster WTC-127; \$7.95.

BOTH performances of *Nights* are truly superb, though I lean slightly to the Soriano-Argenta version for its hauntingly atmospheric qualities. Argenta favors restraint and delicacy in both the Rodrigo and the Falla, while Rosenthal is somewhat harder-driving in both Falla pieces. See pages 302 in the March, 1958, and 525 in the April, 1959, issues. Sonically these tapes are on a par. Both exhibit good, spacious stereo and wide, smooth frequency response. —P.C.P.

GERSHWIN: *Rhapsody in Blue; An American in Paris;* Earl Wild (piano); Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2004, \$8.95.

THE Wild, & Co. present a pair of boisterous and rather heavy-handed performances. The playing is abundant in energetic good spirits, however, and things move along in a happy-go-lucky fashion that is generally pleasant and probably appropriate. Victor's sound is big, live, and clean, with good stereo. —P.C.P.

GROFÉ: *Grand Canyon Suite;* **BEE-THOVEN:** *Wellington's Victory;* Morton Gould and His Orchestra. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2006, \$8.95.

THE *Wellington Symphony*, if nothing else, certainly shows off some spectacular stereo effects. The "English army" to the left and the "French army" to the right and miscellaneous gunfire all over the place make for ear-splitting and, in spots, hilarious diversion. The *Grand Canyon Suite* is quite excellent here, suitably hammy and well-humored. Victor's sound is rich and spacious though a bit veiled at times. —P.C.P.

RODGERS: *Victory at Sea (Orchestral Suite), Volume I;* RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by Robert Russell Bennett. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2000, \$8.95.

THIS is a suite condensed by Robert Russell Bennett from Richard Rodgers' score for the NBC television series. The music, the arrangements, and the playing are on the whole colorful and lush, though

tasteful. The sound is big and spacious, appropriately enough, with good stereo directionality manifest throughout.

—P.C.P.

TCHAIKOVSKY: 1812 Overture;

RAVEL: Bolero; Morton Gould Orchestra and Band. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, FTC-2005, \$8.95.

■ THERE is a stereo show-off item all the way. This pair of performances has been previously released as a stereo disc (page 279 in the December, 1959, issue of the ARG.) and as a tape cartridge (page 565 in the March, 1960, ARG.). This present format edges the others in sonic qualities, but only by a slight refinement in definition and lack of tape hiss. Noisy, but impressive.

—P.C.P.

Evening in Rome . . . Evening in Paris;

Frank Chacksfield and his Orchestra. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, London LPM 70005, \$6.95.

■ FAIRLY tasteful arrangements of such items as *Can Can*, *Santa Lucia*, *Catari, Catari*, *Mademoiselle de Paris*, and *Come Back to Sorrento*. The playing is juicy but really quite fine for this sort of thing. London's tape sound is, as always, impeccable, with some really super-directional stereo effects.

—P.C.P.

Travelling on with the Weavers;

The Weavers directed by Harold Levanthal. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Vanguard VTC-1603, \$7.95.

■ THE beauty of this taping is in its poignant simplicity. There is an obvious polish to the performances, but never a lack of naturalness and directness. Presented are some sixteen songs, including *Erie Canal*, *The Keeper*, *Kumbaya*, *State of Arkansas*, *Sinner Man*, *Eddystone Light*, and *Gotta Travel On*. Vanguard's stereo is close-in and well separated.

—P.C.P.

Here We Go Again!; The Kingston Trio

(Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds, and Bob Shane). Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Capitol ZT-1258, \$6.98.

■ THIS is buttered-up folk-style music. These are obviously talented young lads, who sing items as *Molly Dee*, *Haul Away*,

The Wanderer, *Oleanna*, *A Rollin' Stone*, and *Goober Peas* with spirit, enthusiasm, and polish, but the whole business is just too smooth and professional-sounding to suit me. Capitol's sound is bright, clean, sharply directional, and close-in. —P.C.P.

Love Is the Thing; Nat "King" Cole with orchestra conducted by Gordon Jenkins. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Capitol ZW-824, \$7.98.

■ COLE fans will enjoy this album for its smoothly elegant performances and arrangements of such items as *Stardust*, *It's All in the Game*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *At Last*, and *Stay as Sweet as You Are*. Capitol's stereo is lushly spacious.

—P.C.P.

Berlin by Lombardo: Guy Lombardo and The Royal Canadians. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Capitol ZT-1019, \$6.98.

■ LOMBARDO and/or Irving Berlin fans will be pleased with this tape, no doubt, for it contains some forty Berlin tunes (*Easter Parade*, *The Girl That I Marry*, *Play a Simple Melody*, *Always*, *They Say It's Wonderful*, *Blue Skies*, *White Christmas*, *Marie*, etc.) done up rather juicily in typical Lombardo style. The whole is done as a medley with no break from beginning to end except for the turnover from Side A to Side B, and I found it rather tedious in its unrelenting, uninterrupted jogging along. The sound is first-rate in every way.

—P.C.P.

Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians in Hi-Fi. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Capitol ZW-845, \$7.98.

■ THE proceedings on this tape are generally lush and hammy, but certainly spirited. Pleasant listening, however, for those who like this sort of thing. Included are *I Hear Music*, *Dry Bones*, *In the Still of the Night*, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *The Whiffenpoof Song*, *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, and *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, among others. The playing and singing are full of sleek professionalism. Capitol's sound leaves little to be desired, though small amounts of crosstalk are evident if the playback level is kept high.

—P.C.P.

Folk Music

By HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

The Grail Singers: *Songs from Poland, Germany, China, Uganda, South Africa, Eire, United States, Great Britain, Brazil, Mexico, Hungary, Macedonia.* Folkways FW-8775, \$5.95.

▲THE claim by any singer that he can sing in fifteen languages is one good short cut to a yawning fit on the part of this hearer. Too often it means that the singer does fine in two languages and is off center in the others. Some people are truly comfortable speaking many languages, but singing folksongs from many countries is another matter. Just pronouncing the words and learning the melody is only part of the task. The essence of a folksong lies as much in the *style* as in the words and music. *How* it's sung is as important as what is sung.

In art music, the barriers between one nation and another are great but not impenetrable. Particularly in instrumental music, rigidity based on a national approach is out of place. In a certain measure, vocal artists are restricted in what they can sing because of the differences among Russian, German, and Italian vocal traditions. In folk music there is not the homogeneity of style found in art music. Geography is all-important in this field. Vocal timbre, nuances of vocalization, treatment of embellishments, rhythmic pace and emotional intensity are different, not so much among individual singers as among ethnic groups. The typical female singer of Spain, for instance, is a chest singer, while our Appalachian performers are head singers. One could labor the point with many examples.

In our eclectic American culture, the professional folk singer sings songs from everywhere, some of them more faithful than others to the spirit of the music. He sings them not because he actually has personal contact with the innumerable ethnic and national groups that live within our borders, but out of a sense of oneness with the rest of the world. Nowhere else does internationalism of this kind exist on such a scale. Latin-American rhythms and American jazz are ubiquitous but the folksongs in each land are pretty much its own. The Rumanians sing Rumanian songs, the Hungarians their own, and the

Spaniards—well, they might sing some Mexican tunes, but they stick pretty much to local products. It might be added here, too, that no country, not even France in its excellent collection at the Musée de l'Homme, has anything approaching the scope of the Folkways Library.

In this connection Folkways has just issued a most interesting disc. The Grail Singers, a group of young girls who are part of a Catholic organization known as The Grail, offer songs from such far-flung places as Poland, Uganda, Macedonia, China, Eire, and the United States. They have consulted reliable sources in these countries, or professionally qualified persons here, in arranging, translating, and programming the material. When possible they have used singable English translations, but have left the refrains, simple to sing, in the original languages. Many songs, however, are performed in the native tongues. A booklet with all the lyrics is provided.

For the most part they have tampered little with the essential musical features of each country. Instrumental and vocal traditions are respected. Gongs, guitar, recorder, accordion, drums and hand-clapping are appropriately used as accompaniments. A wide number of choral arrangements is heard on this disc in keeping with the indigenous style of each country. The responsorial unison singing of the first Uganda song on Side I is a fine example of this kind of group performance. A work song from South Africa is harmonized in the manner of certain African tribes—the voices moving in strict parallel motion with each other. Another Uganda song is performed in unison with drum accompaniment. The Mexican melodies are sung with guitar accompaniment or a recorder (following the voice exactly) just as might be heard in a provincial kitchen or in the courtyard of a Mexican *jacal*. Many people used to the steady diet of effusive Mexican cafe singers may miss the full sound of Mariachi Band accompaniment but Mexican music sounds like this when ordinary people sing it. Most attractive, among many items too numerous to mention, is a Hungarian folksong sung in unison. It is a credit to these singers that they resist the impulse—an overwhelming force with some of our more popular "folkniks"—to harmonize to death every song they sing.

The voices have a fresh and unspoiled quality. These young girls sing from the

Henrietta Yurchenco is the chief folk music critic. Paul Kresh and Herbert Haufrecht are her associate reviewers.

heart with the simplicity and ingenuousness which is the earmark of the genuine folksinger.

—H.Y.

A Collection of Czech Folk Songs.

Artia ALP-139, \$4.98.

Moravian Folk Songs and Dances.

Artia ALP-153, \$4.98.

Slovak Folk Songs. Artia ALP-138, \$4.98.

▲THESE three releases from the principal regions of Czechoslovakia are a significant contribution to the growing library of recorded folk music. Folk music enthusiasts, as well as lovers of the Czech musical art, should find them satisfying and enlightening. Performances are excellent throughout. The professional folk singers and small instrumental ensembles included here respect traditional peasant styles, sing these melodic gems simply and with conviction. No overwhelming sound of huge orchestras and choruses, which we have come to expect from Eastern Europe, will blast you out of your seat. All is in proper scale, sensitively proportioned for quiet, intimate surroundings. The songs, simple in structure, have an innocence and tender lyricism which beguile and charm one on first hearing. Unlike so much which passes for folk music these days, the initial appeal doesn't wear off. Don't be surprised to find yourself humming the tunes after a few hearings.

Apart from their importance as folk music, the discs contain a wealth of material sure to interest the devotee of the Czech national school of composition. Like Kodály and Bartók in Hungary and Glinka, Mussorgsky, and others in Russia, Czech composers drew heavily on their country's rich fund of folk material in creating a national style. Particularly in the case of Janáček, folk music and the intonations of peasant speech are so artfully interwoven with his technique of composition that one can hardly be separated from the other. Fortunately, Artia is just now releasing a number of Czech opera recordings, among them a new "Bartered Bride", Janáček's "Katyá Kabanová" and "Jenůfa", and Dvořák's "The Devil and Kate". The folk music albums should make excellent companion pieces for the understanding and enjoyment of these operas. It is one thing to accept the oft-repeated statements found in concert and record notes about the influence of folk music on art music, but what does it mean if you've never heard it? Here is concrete evidence.

For a thousand years Czechoslovakia lived intermittently under the domination of Germany, Austria, and Hungary. While the culture of some Czech cities

became more Germanic than Slavic during long periods, the rural areas, partly because of their isolation from the mainstream of political events, and partly because of peasant tenacity and stubbornness, resisted foreign encroachments on their music, folk art, dances, and language. Nevertheless, Czech music is shot through and through with the evidence of political changes. The history of folk music amply demonstrates that a people may hate an invader, yet love his songs.

German influence is heard principally in the Western section of the country, Bohemia, and part of Moravia. Examples appear chiefly on the Czech disc. These songs follow the regular melodic structure, definite tonality, and symmetrical forms typical of Central Europe. The music of Slovakia, on the other hand, and to a lesser extent that of Eastern Moravia, shows short-phrased melodies rich in rhythmic and tonal variety. Common to all Czech folk music, and found in abundance on these three discs, is the Hungarian strain. Even though Czech songs are permeated with non-Slavic patterns, they have a powerful personality all their own. The underlying Slav lyricism comes through, no matter what the musical structure.

Shepherd songs, love songs, songs of nature, and dance songs abound in these collections. It is surprising to find so few of the rebel songs which marked the period of struggle for independence and freedom. These songs form an important part of Czech folk literature. Brief references are found on the Moravian release.

Although the records are an excellent document of new and old songs they are only a sampling of the more popular layer of Czech folksongs. Let's hope that subsequent releases will be even more representative of this rich musical reservoir. Thousands of songs have been gathered since the last century by such intrepid collectors as Janáček, Bartók and Plicka. Janáček himself claimed that there were about 3,000 songs in active use at the time he was making his studies—the beginning of this century. Modern life in Czechoslovakia has had its adverse effect on folk music, and many of these songs are remembered only by old people. Songs dealing with now-forgotten pagan rites and customs today incorporated into the New Year's, Christmas and Easter songs (*koledy*), ballads and hero songs, richly ornamented Slovak songs which Bartók's monumental work fully documents, are found in published collections. What a musical and poetic treasure would be revealed if this literature were to come off library shelves and live again on the lips of contemporary interpreters of folk songs.

Recorded sound is excellent. Notes are provided.

—H.Y.



WORDS ONLY

By PAUL KRESH

Basil Rathbone Reads Edgar Allan Poe. Directed by Howard Sackler. Caedmon TC-1115, \$5.95.

TO SEE distinctly the machinery—the wheels and pinions—of any work or Art is, unquestionably, of itself, a pleasure, but one which we are able to enjoy only just in proportion as we do *not* enjoy the legitimate effect designed by the artist . . .

So Edgar Allan Poe wrote a century ago, and for those who spent long hours of youth with a volume of Poe in hand and their hair in an almost permanent state of distention on the napes of their necks, on that very account there is a hesitancy in returning to his tales "of mystery and imagination". What if the secrets of his sorcery, once so effectively hidden, should stand revealed to the jaded eye (or, in this case, ear) dispelling the nightmare illusion, the "legitimate effect" he strove so meticulously to achieve? Treasured memories of cozy horror on rainy afternoons might thus be marred.

Mr. Rathbone, who some time ago recorded several of Poe's tales and poems for Caedmon, is back on this new release with a trio of macabre masterpieces, and the older listener will be hard put not to notice "the machinery" this time. He may come away, however, more admiring than ever. The special technique which Poe brought to perfection in his fantasies and horror tales was that of *trompe l'oeil*, creating, in the words of Marianne Moore, "imaginary gardens with real toads in them." He paints colors sometimes more vivid than truth—develops Kodachromes

of prose—and taste is occasionally lacking' but we cede our disbelief willingly enough at his wizardry; the "wheels and pinions" are well concealed, and the toads are real. Anything truly beautiful, he believed, must contain some element of the ugly.

On this record are presented "The Cask of Amontillado", "The Facts In The Case of M. Valdemar", and "The Pit And The Pendulum", and in each tale one is struck by Poe's skill in so realistically portraying the unreal as to completely disarm common sense. Describing a dungeon, he will give its dimensions in feet and inches, the texture of the walls, the minutest specifications—what W. S. Gilbert referred to as "merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." The 19th century relished this sort of trickery, and the surrealists took it up again with a vengeance a few decades ago, for reasons or anti-reasons of their own.

How effective such hoaxing could be is well illustrated by contemporary reactions to Poe's fantasies, "Mesmeric Revelation" and "The Facts In The Case of M. Valdemar", the latter of which is read on this disc. Mr. Poe, who delighted in chaffing the hoodwinked, tells in a later essay of the way the Columbian Magazine in New York and several newspapers swallowed as utter truth his description in "The Facts In The Case", an account of how communication was established with a corpse who had been kept in a state of hypnosis during the last hours of life. In twitting the gullibility of the journals of his day, Poe in no way confesses that his own tale is fiction. He conceals his amusement behind further straight-faced prose, chiding one journal,

"Words Only" is somewhat abbreviated this month to make room for the belated review of "J. B." which begins on page 173.

which professed disbelief, for venturing to be skeptical "for no reason more profound than that which influences all dunces in disbelieving—it would have owned that it doubted the thing merely because the thing was a 'wonderful' thing, and had never yet been printed in a book." What amused him was that readers had been satisfied to accept as proof the "internal evidence" of the piece—Poe's own delineation of *trompe l'œil* detail. So many who were taken in by the "Case of Bridie Murphy" in our own time can scarcely afford to feel superior.

As a conjurer of such haunted and haunting narratives, Poe is supreme master to this day. No one has approached his economy, precision and compression, his startling imagery, his swift yet gradual arrangement of events that proceed to a melodramatic climax. Mr. Rathbone has attempted to match the writer's realistic handling of the imaginary with a performance equally realistic in the enactment of voices, cries and breathless horror. In the two efforts on side one, he does not succeed. His voice, usually so well under calm command, sounds strained. He makes of the hated Fortunato in "The Cask of Amontillado" a character with a voice like that of the late C. Aubrey Smith suffering from a bad cold, (which indeed, he is supposed to have, but there was just one cough too many) and the result is more ludicrous than convincing. The performance suffers seriously from over-acting, perhaps from insufficient advance preparation. The same is true for "The Facts In The Case" where the clarity of the reading is seriously damaged by Mr. Rathbone's decision to read M. Valdemar's voice when he speaks from the dead in a croak so weird that it is impossible to comprehend a word the poor man says. There are also rushed passages and irritating mistakes, such as reading "retracted" for "retraced", along with a few others, betraying inadequate rehearsal or an unwillingness to retape where advisable. The cuts are outrageous. Because of Poe's very economy and the exact method he followed in pursuing his effects, cutting is almost never justified and, in this case, less than half of the many little and not-so-little excisions (whether made before or after the reading) could be said to have been arrived at through the exercise of real editorial intelligence. The rest seem arbitrary, even though the flow of the narrative is always preserved. This is particularly true in the case of "The Pit and The Pendulum", which takes up the whole of side two and is in every way a superior, more polished reading than the others. More's the pity that what might have turned out a bit of a classic in the field of the recorded word is marred by cavalier

use of the scissors. "By long suffering," Poe writes at one point in this magnificent portrayal of the refinements of torture imposed by the Spanish Inquisition, "my nerves had become unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me." This is a telling insight into the psychology of fear, long in advance of Orwell, a line which, along with other gems in so careful a text, should not have been removed. Better to settle for two tales whole than three subjected to *Reader's Digest*-type surgery. Even so, Mr. Rathbone reads the virtuoso prose of "The Pit and The Pendulum", on which Poe lavished unstintingly his genius for the portrayal of the state of terror (the symbolism has been picked over too often to warrant further morbid probing here), with a flair that measures up to the demands of the story—a story that turned out, like so many contributions by this author, to be more prophetic than fantastic. Describing the rumors of Inquisition brutality, the narrator says: "Of the dangers there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them." As in the experience of the victim, who found himself "Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition" we have learned in our own era just how far men will go to turn such nightmares into fact. This reading alone makes the disc worth owning, but the buyer should be cautioned not to heed the promise of the cover which names the tales and adds "and poems". There are no poems.

Brendan Behan Sings Irish Folksongs and Ballads. Spoken Arts 760, \$5.95.

▲THE enfant terrible of Irish literature emerges on this record as a good-natured, casual, and thoroughly ingratiating man without pretensions. When he is critical, particularly of the cultured English snob, his manner is mild. When he is enthusiastic, as he is of the late President Roosevelt, his tone is tempered by reason. He neither pontificates for the things he believes in nor froths at the mouth about his dislikes. This disc could go to a maiden aunt and she wouldn't even blush.

In truth, Mr. Behan is not much of a singer, nor are the songs of any real quality with the exception of the *Bold Fenian Men* and two Gaelic tunes (not listed in the contents), but they all have a pleasant, informal ring about them.

Mr. Behan is probably much more himself with a party of drinking companions than he is in front of the mike. Certainly, his stories—he has a reputation as a storyteller—must have more punch than appears here. Maybe next time around he'll really get going. One has the feeling he's intimidated by the microphone.—P.K.

JB

By JOE GOLDBERG

MacLEISH: *J. B.*; RCA Victor Soria Series LD-6075, four sides, \$11.96, or Stereo LDS-6075, \$13.96.

The Cast

(in order of appearance)

First Roustabout . . . James Olson
Second Roustabout . . . Clifton James
Nickles . . . Christopher Plummer
Mr. Zuss . . . Raymond Massey
Prompter . . . Ford Rainey
J. B. James Daly
Sarah Nan Martin
Davis Ronnie Walken
Mary Ciri Jacobsen
Jonathan . . . Jeffrey Rowland
Ruth Candy Moore
Rebecca . . . Miriam Merry Martin
The Girl Janet Ward
Mrs. Botticelli . . . Nancy Cushman
Mrs. Lasure . . . Fay Sappington
Mrs. Adams . . . Judith Lowry
Mrs. Murphy . . . Laura Pierpont
Jolly Pamela King
Bildad Bert Conway
Zophar Ivor Francis
Eliphaz Andreas Voutsinas

Music by David Amram
Produced and directed by
Elia Kazan

FOR SEVERAL months, now, the Broadway cast recording of *J. B.* has been in my apartment, while I studiously avoided reviewing it. It is not, I admit, a reviewer's position to burden with his private problems, but it became very troublesome to stare at this sumptuous edition of what Brooks Atkinson has called "one of the great achievements of art and mind in our times" and realize that there was nothing to say about it. Turning to the same portion of the Bible that Mr. MacLeish read to such advantage, I found the question confronting me again: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?" And it was in the pages of the Bible, as one is supposed to be able to do, that I found the answer to my problem.

Perhaps the initial mistake lay in thinking of *J. B.* as a play. It is long since past the time when that approach could be profitably taken, for *J. B.* is now an artifact of our times, like *Time* magazine, the San Francisco renaissance, and Ed Sullivan.

With these other cultural successes, it shares the quality of feeding back what is currently in the air. It is a pity that *J. B.* was not written on a simpler level, for then there might be *J. B.* T-shirts, dolls, and bubblegum.

When I say that *J. B.* is not a play, I am not indulging in a glib abstraction in order to be clever at the expense of a well-intentioned work. Adaptation, which this is, has always been among the most legitimate sources of drama. The Greeks fashioned plays from the religious stories of their culture (paralleling the process in *J. B.*), and such esteemed contemporaries as Cocteau, Anouilh, and Brecht have in turn used Sophocles' *Antigone* as the basis for their own plays. The list is endless,

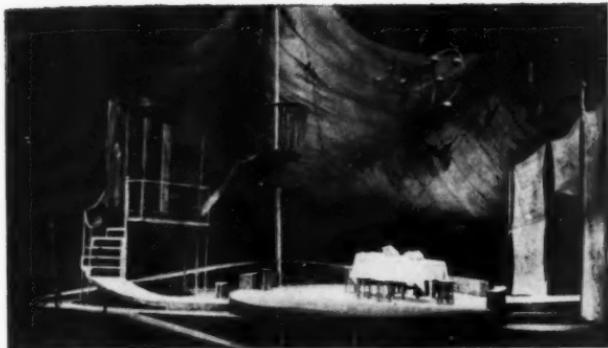
including such diverse and respected examples of the musical as *Threepenny Opera* and *West Side Story*, and these and all other worthy adaptations differ from J. B. in the same important respect: the author adapted in order to extract his own truth from the material used. I cannot see that Mr. MacLeish has done this. He has retold the story of Job; he has not reinterpreted it. Why bother?

For a very good reason. It is, I think, safe to say that Mr. MacLeish was looking for a hit. This, at best a rather blunt accusation, takes us outside the play and the recording, to *Esquire* magazine for May, 1959. That issue contains a correspondence between Mr. MacLeish and the play's director, Elia Kazan, that is, in many ways, a more revealing document than either the play or the recording. If one reads the printed version, which is the one produced at Yale in 1958, listens to this recording—the Broadway version—and allows *Esquire* to supply the transitional material, there is enough material for a graduate seminar in how a play reaches Broadway.

Consider: a man writes a verse play about Job—surely not the most commercial fare, even when authored by a Pulitzer Prize-winner. It is given an excellent college production, and another production in Italy. A *succès d'estime*, and that, presumably, is that. Then Elia Kazan becomes interested to the extent of sending a letter containing five pages of detailed suggestions for revision. The play that will emerge if these suggestions are followed will be considerably different from the original, but there is a definite choice involved. Elia Kazan is a name that carries Broadway magic with it. Even the syllables themselves, if recited quickly, sound like a common conjuror's incantation, and Kazan has proved himself in the past to be one of the greatest theatrical conjurors. He, if anyone, could take a fairly static, talky, image-laden play and make it come alive on the stage. But on his terms. MacLeish accepts, to quote *Esquire*, "enthusiastically". There are protests from MacLeish during the pre-production time, of course, but complaints following a rape are seldom as decisive as

those that preceded it. And even Kazan, apparently, acted with a certain cynicism. I quote *Esquire* in the matter of the character who corresponds to the Devil: "A major change was made in the character of Nickles. In the book as published, both Nickles and Zuss are old men; in the New York production Nickles appears as a Beat-Generation youngster. Kazan early had pointed out to MacLeish that the description of Nickles in the book did not agree with his lines—that Nickles talked like a sour, disenchanted kid of the Beat-Generation mentality. MacLeish agreed... MacLeish changed the description of Nickles in the stage directions, leaving his lines as they had been written." What resulted from this was the casting of Christopher Plummer, one of the best young actors in the country, who is responsible for a performance on the stage and on record that is far beyond anything else contributed (I am speaking now of the cast with James Daly, who replaced Pat Hingle after his accident). But whether Kazan was searching for inner truth quite as much as he was for theatrical effectiveness is brought into question by the fact that when the show went on its national tour, and Mr. Plummer was unavailable, Basil Rathbone, who had played Mr. Zuss (God), took over the role of Nickles. I find it hard to think of Mr. Rathbone as representative of the "Beat-Generation mentality".

This change, and others, are evidence of Mr. Kazan's claim to be judged, as so acute an observer as Kenneth Tynan has noted as one of the most important playwrights of the twentieth century. But it is to Kazan's credit that he found the basic flaw of the play. He says, as quoted in *Esquire*, "The problem J. B. has been confronting has nothing to do with love, so we cannot satisfactorily solve it through love." And this, of course, is accurate. J. B. has been obsessed with the problem of guilt, and to attempt a solution through love, on its most elementary we-will-work-it-out-someway-deal level, is an evasion that negates the rest of the play. As Mr. Tynan so aptly put it, in his *New Yorker* review, "Job's explanation, offered in a brief epilogue, is that there is no divine



Boris Aronson's symbolic set for "J. B."—the world represented by a circus tent: the upper platform, heaven; the large ring, earth; the inner ring, J. B.'s house

justice; there is simply human love. He and his wife will be content hereafter to live together and, in a phrase worthy of an Abe Burrows parody, 'blow on the coals of the heart.' To say that this ending cheats is to put it mildly." I could not agree more, but it may not be cheating on J. B.'s terms. Once again, I am saved the trouble of putting my reasons in my own words, this time by John Ciardi: "J. B. keeps crying to heaven to know his sin, and by the third time I have heard the recording out, I am not only convinced that I know what it is, but I am tempted to shout it out to him. In brief, he is a fathead." He is just that, of course, and if that crucial fact was not apparent to Mr. MacLeish, it must certainly have been to Mr. Kazan when he wrote in his notebook his images for the character (they include Luce and Eisenhower). But such things should not worry Kazan. He has, time after time, taken plays that contained basic flaws, and given them productions that so overlayed the script with an aura of excitement and importance that it was not until long after leaving the theatre that the playgoer began to suspect that, possibly the emperor really *wasn't* wearing any clothes. In this, Kazan is operating in the finest tradition of the American theater, which consistently gives superb productions to second-rate material.

The same thing, incidentally, might be said of this recording. Starting with the austere beautiful black book-like package, continuing through the enclosed booklet, with its photographs, reproduced manuscript page, and William Blake en-

gravings, there is the unmistakable feeling of An Event. Then we proceed to the recording itself. MacLeish himself reads a short preface, composed originally for this recording, and later included in the playbill on Broadway. Then comes David Amram's music (Richard Rodgers, *Esquire* reveals, was not available), and we are into the play. Here it all is: the intellectually *au courant* hints of the circus, possibly inspired less by the circus than by *Waiting for Godot*; the scenes of J. B. and his family, which, encased as they are in the Zuss-Nickles dialogue achieve a feeling of detachment that Brecht would have envied (the sad thing here is that MacLeish wants desperately for you to care); and a brutal sequence of reporters intruding on private grief (a theme handled by another new playwright, Jack Gelber, in *The Connection*, in a way containing more poetry than I found in the whole of *J. B.*).

Kazan has used a new recording technique, one that certainly is more impressive in stereo—the actors move about as they did on stage, rather than remaining stationary before microphones. This has resulted in a living, vital performance cluttered by the extraneous noise generally associated with old radio shows.

Unfortunately, this quality of aliveness is the only facet of Kazan's brilliant production that can be captured on disc. So the recording must stand as a document—an artistic wreckage from which the uniquely talented Christopher Plummer emerges, in a way that is reminiscent of the Book of Job: "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

THE MONTH'S JAZZ

The responsibility for this column is divided between Martin Williams and Joe Goldberg.

Barry Harris: *At the Jazz Workshop*. Riverside 326, \$4.98.

▲BECAUSE of very "close up" recording which badly distorts Barry Harris' sound, it is difficult to be conclusive about these performances. However, this pianist clearly owes practically everything to Bud Powell. Harris himself was something of a legend among Detroit musicians, but some of his "pupils" (Tommy Flanagan, for one) seem to have gone beyond the master in individuality. One consequence of such a singular debt to Powell is a frequent lack of momentum and direction on "ballads" (*i.e.*, improvisations of slower pop tunes); *Don't Blame Me* is an example. The effect of Powell without Powell's hard, compulsive touch and momentum might be quite something to hear, and the cohesive ness and eventful flow of Harris on *Curtain Call* and *Woodyn' You* make one wish all the more that he could hear it here.

—M.W.

Kid Ory and Red Allen: *"We've Got Rhythm."* Verve MG V-1020, \$4.98.

▲THEY certainly have. They have more, too, but this is an ideal setting for neither Ory, the New Orleans ensemble trombonist, nor Allen, the soloist who is usually more consistently challenged by more complex contexts and materials. Only the opening of *Some of These Days* reflects the sublime polyphonic style, now, alas, almost a lost art. Ory's solos are slight and not really meaningful paraphrases of the melody (*Come Back Sweet Papa, San, Some of These Days*), or they lack ideas (*I Got Rhythm*), or they beautifully spin simple ideas into direct melodies (*Christopher Columbus, Tuxedo Junction*). Allen's solos involve such freedom in rhythm and phrasing (a rare kind indeed for a soloist who first appeared in the early thirties), such unique use of the trumpet's range and dynamics, and such surprise melodic leaps that he may lose his cohesiveness. But his *Tuxedo Junction* solo is beautiful improvising and some of the others can delight by making one exercise a willing suspension of belief in symmetry or pattern. Cedric Heywood plays a sort of southwestern "swing" piano appropriate to this, by now, string-of-solos conception. Drummer Alton Redd con-

tributes a pair of vocals in a kind of forced raucousness quite superfluous when a singer like Red Allen is in the studio.

—M.W.

Teddy Edwards: *It's About Time*. Pacific Jazz PJ-6, \$4.98.

▲WHEN, several months ago, Metrojazz released a Sonny Rollins concert LP and filled it out with two tunes by a tenor saxophonist named Teddy Edwards (Metrojazz E-1011), there was cause for excitement. Edwards had a simple, abrupt charm, and an unusual ability to apply himself to a specific tune, rather than forcing everything into his own mold. One looked forward to a complete Edwards LP. Here it is, and unfortunately, the rhythm section is made up of Les McCann, Ltd. McCann is the pianist who sees no salvation for jazz outside the church, so everything breaks down to the common denominator of gospel-funk, and even that is cliché. So, Edwards is tightly constricted for over half of this LP. But he does manage to play two lovely ballads, and, on a fast, joyous performance of *Lover Come Back To Me*, breaks completely away from the McCann to prove that those who were excited by his portion of the Rollins LP were not wrong. His music is closer to the origins of bop than either Rollins or Coltrane, and he shares with them a refreshing small dance-band approach to ballads. He is an important tenor player, and the necessity of ignoring McCann is not too great a price to pay to hear his music.

—J.G.

Dizzy Gillespie: *The Ebullient Mr. Gillespie*. Verve MGV-8328, \$4.98.

▲SOME few months ago, *Have Trumpet, Will Excite*, recorded by Dizzy Gillespie with the same group and about the same time as this LP, was reviewed enthusiastically in these pages. Perhaps all the best work was put on the first record to be released. Any other explanation of the banality of this LP—even *Girl of My Dreams*, which is charmingly conceived, fails in the execution—would have to go into questions of laziness, not caring, and self-destructive clowning that a reviewer who has only the greatest admiration for

Mr. Gillespie's musical ability would prefer to leave to minds more interested in psychological extrapolation. -J.G.

Les McCann: *The Truth*. Pacific Jazz PJ-2, \$4.98.

▲**NOW McCann** is a good, pleasant, piano player, but I can only deplore the use he makes of his talent. Leroy Vinnegar, the fine bassist who appears on this record, says, "Les McCann is well on his way to being one of the truly great jazz figures." That quotation, and the album title, are almost enough to put me off, but the clincher is the music itself. I simply cannot believe that all these young men who grew up listening to church music, and just play that way naturally, fellows, should all suddenly appear at once. Les McCann is another of them. Three choruses into those tunes that are not simply slightly-modernized gospel pastiches (the modernization, by the way, robs them of much of their initial charm), he will drop the movie sentimental-with-block-chords approach that is the invariable obverse of all this toughness, and lapse into a finger-snapping, head-shaking routine that makes everything sound the same. It is not

enough to know the chord changes to *Amazing Grace*, just as it has never been enough to know the blues or *How High the Moon*. It is, as they say, what you do with it. And, if I may say so, I doubt the sincerity of 99 per cent of these churchy young men. —J.G.

Bill Evans: *Portrait in Jazz*. Riverside RLP 12-315, \$4.98.

▲**IN** the February issue of this magazine I reviewed three Bill Evans LPs at some length, and this new record, his best, only alters that opinion slightly. This is his working trio (drummer Paul Motian and a truly remarkable young bassist, Scott LaFaro), and they play together beautifully, particularly on *Autumn Leaves*, which contains some exciting simultaneous improvisation. In the realm of pure music, Evans is all that could be asked of a pianist. Often, however, there is no emotion at all communicated—the attempt and result are purely musical. This is probably my lack, since on two numbers—*Spring is Here* and *Some Day My Prince Will Come*—I do perceive a delicate, wistful charm, almost too ethereal to be preserved on record. —J.G.

Two views of Teddy Wilson

Teddy Wilson: *And Then They Wrote*. . . Columbia CL-1442, \$3.98.

Earl Hines: *Earl's Pearls*. M-G-M E-3832, \$3.98.

▲**THE** Wilson record presents pieces composed by jazz pianists, real and ersatz. It is a gimmick, of course, and not, I am sure, his private choices. But more important are the frequent failures for, although some are failures of basic interpretation, several are failures of the quietly expressive feeling and gentle joy in improvising that were uniquely Teddy Wilson at his best. On the beginning of the second chorus of *Lullaby of Birdland* he shows original ideas and a striking way of phrasing them, but not the life of having discovered them. However, in performance *Sophisticated Lady* and Wilson's *Sunny Morning* are played with conviction and *If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight* has striking melodic ideas as well.

The Hines set shows Wilson's original master apparently trying to meet a club audience with "after theater" quartet music. It involves a couple of rather odd vocals by Hines, a couple of obvious showpieces (*When The Saints* and *Boogie Woogie on the St. Louis Blues*) to kill the people, and some rather predictable guitar and bass solos. Otherwise Hines plays with vitality

and ideas (on *Tea For Two*, behind its conventional façade, on *Willow Weep For Me*; on *The Song Is Ended*; and on *Stealin' Apples*, despite its rather rushed air) and *Rosetta* is almost the leaping bravura Hines of the twenties. —M.W.

Teddy Wilson: *And Then They Wrote*. . . Columbia CL-1442, \$3.98.

▲**THE** subtitle of this album ("Teddy Wilson plays the great songs composed by the great jazz pianists") could be argued at far greater length than this column permits, but let me merely mention some of the pianists (Morton, Ellington, Waller, Kenton, Shearing, Brubeck, Monk) and some of the compositions (*If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *'Round Midnight*, *Artistry in Rhythm*, *Misty*) and you make your own choice. My own disagreements with Mr. Wilson, in matters of composer, composition, and his playing itself, lie mostly toward the modern end of the scale. But Teddy Wilson, tasteful and charming as he is, has never been one to get deeply into a tune that requires such probing, be it *Sophisticated Lady* or *'Round Midnight*. The bland approach of which he is a master will not work in such instances, and while he can skim the surface of a charming tune like *Rosetta*, the deeper

(and more contemporary) challenges elude him. He is still, however, worth all of the thousands of cocktail pianists who play like him.

—J.G.

Jackie McLean: *Swing Swang Swingin'*. Blue Note 4024, \$4.98.

▲SOMETIMES, when reviewers feel that a big band jazz LP hasn't really got enough jazz in it, they call the record "a superior dance set". When I say the same thing about this Jackie McLean quartet record (Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Art Taylor, drums) I mean it as the highest of compliments. McLean's harsh, astringent alto takes an excellent set of tunes, including seldom-if-ever-done-as-jazz standards as *I'll Take Romance*, *Let's Face the Music and Dance*, and Cole Porter's *I Love You*, and plays them with the sense of dance that is just beginning to come back strongly into jazz, after a long and unnecessary absence. This is by no means a spectacular record, but it is an honest and a satisfying one.

—J.G.

Sam Jones: *The Soul Society*. Riverside RLP 12-324, \$4.98.

▲ONLY part of the story of this record is revealed by the unfortunate title. It is well-known that the independent companies on the east coast who specialize in jazz each has its own stable of musicians, who appear time after time, with monotonous regularity that most often reveals

itself on the records they make. On each LP, however, the annotator says something about the nominal leader of the group having been given "complete freedom to choose the musicians he *really* wanted—and then there they are again, the old familiar faces. (Annotator Cannonball Adderley takes a much more realistic attitude here when he says of Sam Jones, "Sam is now Riverside's first-call bassist".) But, although the typical Riverside soul society is present—Bobby Timmons, Nat Adderley, Jimmy Heath, Blue Mitchell, and others—Riverside has the taste and intelligence to use them much as a good director would employ a stock company. Instead of just having them stand there and blow, Riverside figures out interesting new projects and combinations for them. That must initially make things more congenial for the musicians, and their added interest comes through on the recordings. The purpose of this particular record is to spotlight bassist-cellist Sam Jones, who is one of the best young bassists in the country—formerly with Monk, now with Adderley—and he proves his right to such treatment (a careful, thoughtful, highly professional showcase it is, too) by the high standard of his playing. However, the whole purpose of the album is subverted on the first track, *Some Kinda Mean*, when bassist Keter Betts (Jones plays cello on this track) contributes the most exciting solo on the record.

—J.G.

'Classical' jazz by Brubeck (H.) and Gil Evans

▲THE history of the attempt to fuse jazz and classical music is long and bloody, and one is left with the impression of two mismatched lovers, constantly trying, without success, to change one another's basic character. Leonard Bernstein is more persistent than most, but persistence does not necessarily postulate success. He invariably commissions works from those composers held in lowest repute in jazz circles—Bill Russo (William, under the Bernstein banner) and Teo Macero, to name two—and he has done it again, by commissioning a work from Howard Brubeck and using his brother Dave's jazz

quartet to perform it. The lack of acceptance, further, has always stemmed from the same cause—the composer was grasping jazz from without, purely intellectually, and too often, in so doing, had fastened only upon the clichés. Mr. Bernstein has a long history of success with this type of technical jazz, from his performances of Milhaud's *Création du monde* through much of his own composition. And this piece may bring the same sort of success. But it will not further the cause that is its premise. If there is any influence hovering over this work, it is that of the Boulanger school—Harold Shapero is here, as is, quite evidently, Bernstein himself, and a little Copland—but so many composers come to mind that a full listing of them would require a special issue. A few, though, for the sake of elucidation: Gershwin, quite obviously, particularly in a section of the first movement that is

BRUBECK: *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra*; Dave Brubeck Quartet; New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. **BERNSTEIN:** *5 Songs*; Dave Brubeck Quartet. Columbia CL-1466, \$3.98.

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painfully reminiscent of both the Concerto in F and *It Ain't Necessarily So*; Rachmaninoff, in the lovely, lyrical second movement that sounds derived from the slow movement of the Second Piano Concerto; and Stravinsky is there, and Hindemith, and even a few Gil Evans voicings for taste. The quartet, which is evidently intended to function as the small unit in a concerto grosso, does its best—Paul Desmond in particular—to pretend that the Philharmonic is not there (to return to the original comparison, it is as though the old lovers had met unexpectedly at a party long afterward, and were hiding their embarrassment in excessive, strained industry). But everyone else can sense the tension. Mr. Bernstein obviously is fond of this music, and conducts it very well since he has splendid knowledge of all the composers involved.

Unfortunately, the compliment is not returned on the majority of the reverse side, on which the Quartet plays five Bern-

stein show tunes (the album, for collectors of this sort of data, is entitled "Bernstein plays Brubeck plays Bernstein" which, besides being excessively cute, is indicative of the contents, since it also contains an inaccuracy at the center). One would think that these men, being intelligent, sensitive musicians, would rise to the challenge of superior material (which I believe this is), and *I Feel Pretty* and *Someplace* are very lovely—the former is the best Quartet performance in quite a while—but the remaining pieces are amazing in their choice of wrong tempo, rhythm, and approach. In particular, *Quiet Girl* (on which the impeccable Paul Desmond does not play) is a travesty, ruining one of the loveliest songs in the repertoire by a display of funk that would be misplaced even if it were genuine. As it stands, it is simply one more example of the kind of misplaced intellectualism that made Brubeck such a poor choice for his brother's composition.

▼

RODRIGO: *Concierto de Aranjuez* (arr. Evans); Miles Davis (trumpet); Gil Evans Orchestra. Columbia CL-1480, \$3.98.

▲THE Miles Davis-Gil Evans record, on the other hand, does quietly what Brubeck and Bernstein should have been doing. It is an attempt at the same thing from the opposite direction, the direction of jazz. This is often the more successful approach, as I believe John Lewis and Duke Ellington have proved (although I must add that I have not heard the newest work of Gunther Schuller). At any rate, the major work on the album is a rearrangement of the second movement of the Rodrigo Concerto, with the solo guitar part transcribed for trumpet. On the face of it, this is the worst kind of music there is (remember *Bumble Boogie* and all the jazzing-the-classics things of the swing era?), but it has been done here with love and respect for the original, a minimum of improvisation, a deep involvement by Davis that elicits his best playing, and perhaps only proves that there are no rules that will stand against an exception that is good enough. The remainder of the album consists of a

short Falla work and three Spanish folk songs ("Sketches of Spain" is the album title). Davis' immersion in the Spanish idiom is nothing short of amazing until one stops to consider the great similarities between the music of the Spaniards, the Negroes, and the Jews (Sociology, anyone?). Evans is the finest orchestrator in contemporary popular music (I hesitate to call this album jazz, but it seems unimportant to categorize it), and has never proved it more than in *Solea*, the best work on the record. It runs for more than twelve minutes, is based completely on a deeply exciting rhythm figure I had not heard since Alex North used it in his score for *Viva Zapata*, is almost excruciating in its tension, although it goes on just a little too long, and contains a fascinating contradiction in Miles Davis' solo, which would be almost meaningless by itself, but becomes an example of the inevitability of art when played, as it is, over Evans' background. *Solea* and the Rodrigo make this a collection of music as nearly indispensable as any music except the very greatest can be. The same cannot be said of Howard Brubeck's composition. —J.G.

Unlikely Corners

WHY NOT LOOK below the surface occasionally and find out what it is in the direct appeal of the popular tune which makes the audience go home whistling; to see if there is not some artistic impulse hidden in unlikely corners. . .

—Ralph Vaughan Williams

THE STRIKINGLY beautiful and talented Carol Lawrence chose wisely to do as her first solo album a collection of show songs; she was equally wise to have associated herself with the brilliant young arranger-pianist Peter Matz as musical director of the enterprise. The result is a completely happy one: **Tonight at 8:30** (Chancellor 5015), in which Miss Lawrence and Mr. Matz turn their talents to a dozen songs of varying quality, mostly high. Although there are no really rare songs included, it is still good to hear Miss Lawrence sing them.

For this album the arrangements are keyed lower than the songs Miss Lawrence did for both "West Side Story" and "Saratoga", consequently she is able to project with less strain and more ease. Especially enjoyable are Harold Arlen's and Truman Capote's *A Sleepin' Bee*, the by now almost inevitable *Lazy Afternoon*, Weill's *It Never Was You*, and *This Is All Very New to Me* from "Plain and Fancy".

Very well sung also is **David Allen Sings The Music of Jerome Kern** (World Pacific 1295); it is a decided pleasure to hear what might be called sensitive vocalizing by a male who actually sounds like a man. The arrangements by Johnny Mandel treat the Kern melodies with the same respect accorded them by the vocalist. The selection of songs, too, is quite good and includes some lesser known items such as *Sure Thing* (lyric by Ira Gershwin), *The Folks Who Live On the Hill* (lyric by Oscar Hammerstein), and *All in Fun* (from "Very Warm For May"), with one of the best of all the Hammerstein lyrics. Unfortunately, the verse is omitted: in it Hammerstein very skillfully set the mood for the point of the song following in the chorus. It is an unusually brittle, bittersweet lyric for Hammerstein. The verse is done by Margaret Whiting in the Verve Kern album reviewed last month, and also by

June Ericson (in my own personal favorite rendition of this song) on the Walden label. Which is beside the point; David Allen's Kern album is an excellent one on its own and one that brings credit to the singer, the arranger—and, perhaps most importantly, to Kern.

Speaking of sensitive singers, Larry Kert, the fine male lead of "West Side Story", brings his flexible voice to an album, **Larry Kert Sings Leonard Bernstein** (Seeco 467), in which he presents a quite rounded collection of Bernstein's song output. There are songs, then, from "On The Town", "Wonderful Town", "Peter Pan" (the Jean Arthur version), "Candide", and "West Side Story". The songs are among the best written by Bernstein and they are given excellent interpretations by Larry Kert.

A trio of duets brings mixed pleasures. The best all-around album is **Robert Merrill and Vivienne Della Chiesa Sing Vincent Youmans and Cole Porter** (Everest 9001). It's practically needless to say that the singers are distinguished and the songs are distinguished. However, about the only little-worn selection is the Youmans song *You're Everywhere*. One day someone will record a full album of Youmans concentrating of the neglected songs and then others besides we happy (or are we unhappy?) few will become aware of the impressive Youmans contribution. Robert Merrill's splendid voice is especially suited to these songs; it would be good to hear more by him.

The more traditional show-bizzy approach informs the style of **Nelson Eddy and Gale Sherwood** (Everest 9002) as they join voices in such standards as *The Song Is You, You Are Love, You and the Night and the Music*, and *One Alone*. The two voices blend very well and are, in a phrase, easy listening. Particularly pleasurable is the Eddy-Sherwood rendition of

Cole Porter's *I Love You*. My memory of Nelson Eddy goes back a devastatingly long time and I was, for some reason, surprised to hear him in as good voice as he ever was. Miss Sherwood has a fine rich womanly quality in her singing—a relief from the current crop of girl singers with so much to learn about life, love, and song.

Somewhat more callow than the Eddy-Sherwood combination is the one we hear in the cosily titled **Steve and Eydie Sing the Golden Hits** (ABC-Paramount 311). By "Golden Hits" they mean some of the more persistent songs of the last few decades, not all of which were truly golden. Unless, that is, you're talking about coin. Both singers are pleasant and spirited, their songs are familiar, and no one will strain himself listening to this album, especially if one would like to hear Steve (Lawrence) and Eydie (Gormé) sing such as *I've Heard That Song Before*, *Green Eyes*, *White Christmas*, *Who Wouldn't Love You?*, and so on together and solo. Consider yourself sufficiently informed.

Around midnight (Liberty 3164) once again brings what is to me the disturbing talent of Julie London. "Disturbing" because she may not have any talent at all except that she can practically whisper songs in a manner that must please someone. How else can you explain this, her eleventh album for Liberty? I must admit a liking for her handling of the beautiful Irving Berlin ballad, *How About Me?* The over-all mood of the album is one of desire, loneliness, love lost and all that sort of thing. Miss London does well with it. But the individual who contributed the quasi-blank verse to the album liner (to which Miss London also contributes her own tantalizing lines) might well be shipped into outer space in the next outgoing space gadget. The world would not miss him.

Another personality, one who tends a bit too much, I feel, to bend a song to his will, is Tony Bennett. He, too, has done another album, **Alone Together** (Columbia CL-1471), in which he may be heard singing several excellent songs. While Mr. Bennett's stylisms sometimes distress me, they certainly attract the public. He sings with much fervor and an affecting sincerity; his choice of songs is usually the best. The present album contains such as the Gershwins' *How Long Has This Been Going On?*, the Arlen-Mercer *Out of This World*, as well as *Gone With the Wind* (one of the few promotional songs that amounted to something), and *It's Magic*—all of them done in his most stirring manner. My only (mild) objection is to his occasional tampering with a melody or lyric. When songs are as fine as these they should be done exactly as the composer and lyricist intended.

I don't really know what to say about



Carol Lawrence

the next two albums, but I'll manage something. Here we have **Dreamin'** (Liberty 3179) sung by Johnny Burnette, who disperses a polite, sweet brand of rock and roll. He actually sounds like all the rest, but his accompaniment goes in for strings, along with all those guitars and other things thumping and twanging. And in **Wilde About Marty** (Epic LN 3711) we have one Marty Wilde (who was born Reginald Smith in, preserve us, 1939), one of England's contributions to the recent history of popular music. Young Mr. Smith ayepted Wilde leans more steadily toward the standards, though in the usual rock and roll treatment, than does Mr. Burnette, who uses original material, some of it written by himself. Beyond informing you that these albums are available, what else can I tell you? I think I personally favor Johnny Burnette, but I doubt that will do either of us much good.

A rather unusual album has come our way. Its title: **Patti Page Sings and Stars in "Elmer Gantry"** (Mercury 8 SR-60260). It's a true statement, but actually the album is a collection of hymns as interpreted by a popular singer. Just about all the standard hymns are included, newly arranged by Malcolm Dodds. The material is treated with due respect, and there is no denying Miss Page's vocal abilities (she once sang in a church choir).

I personally think that **A World of Miracles** (Everest 5103), in which screen and television actor Walter Brennan narrates accompanied by an orchestra and chorus, was a misguided effort. Mr. Brennan reads—and well, too—from the Bible, and when he is just doing that, all is fine. However, there is also a script and new songs (music by Jerry Livingston, lyrics by Lenny Adelson) that get in the way to destroy the simplicity of the original source. It all sounds too much like West Coast sugar coating; at least, that's how it impressed me. The liner notes are supplied by that Biblical scholar, Nat Hentoff.

—E.J.

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STEREO SYSTEM FOR A MILLION.

AIRE: 4 SELECTIONS

Gentlemen's Quarterly magazine asked James Lyons, editor of *The American Record Guide* (the oldest record review magazine in the United States), to poll hi-fi authorities on which audio components they would choose for the best possible stereo system, without any regard for price.

Three writers in the audio field and one audio consultant made up independent lists. The ideal systems they projected in the April, 1960 issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly* are suitable for discriminating millionaires—one of the systems, using a professional tape machine, would cost about \$4000.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH AR-3 loudspeakers are included in three of the lists,* and these are moderate in price. (There are many speaker systems that currently sell for more than three times the AR-3's \$216.) AR speakers were chosen entirely on account of their musically natural quality.

Literature on Acoustic Research speaker systems is available for the asking.

*In two cases alternates are also listed. For the complete component lists see the April, 1960 *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, or write us.

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